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AND

Other Poems.

BY

D. FLORENCE MAC CARTHY, M.R.I.A.,

AUTHOR OF "BALLADS, POEMS, AND LYRICS,"
ETC. ETC.

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UNDERGLIMPSES.

UNDERGLIMPSES.

THE ARRAYING OF MAY.

1.

The blue-eyed maidens of the sea
With trembling haste approach the lee,
So small and smooth, they seem to be
Not waves, but children of the waves;
And as each linkéd circle laves
The crescent marge of creek and bay,
Their mingled voices all repeat—
O lovely May! O long'd-for May!
We come to bathe thy snow-white feet.

2.

We bring thee treasures rich and rare,
White pearls to deck thy golden hair,
And coral-beads, so smoothly fair
And free from every flaw or speck,
That they may lie upon thy neck,
This sweetest day—this brightest day
That ever on the green world shone—
O lovely May! O long'd-for May!
As if thy neck and they were one.

3.

We bring thee from our distant home
Robes of the pure white-woven foam,
And many a pure, transparent comb,
Form'd of the shell the tortoise plaits,
By Babelmandel's coral-straits;
And amber vases, with inlay
Of roseate pearl time never dims—
O lovely May! O long'd-for May!
Wherein to lave thine ivory limbs.

4.

We bring, as sandals for thy feet,
Beam-broidered waves, like those that greet,
With green and golden chrysolite,
The setting sun's departing beams,
When all the western water seems
Like emeralds melted by his ray,
So softly bright, so gently warm—
O lovely May! O long'd-for May!
That thou canst trust thy tender form.

5.

And lo! the ladies of the hill,
The rippling stream, and sparkling rill,
With rival speed, and like good will,
Come, bearing down the mountain's side
The liquid crystals of the tide,
In vitreous vessels, clear as they,
And cry, from each worn, winding path—
O lovely May! O long'd-for May!
We come to lead thee to the bath.

6.

And we have fashioned, for thy sake,
Mirrors more bright than art could make—
The silvery-sheeted mountain lake
Hangs in its carvéd frame of rocks,
Wherein to dress thy dripping locks,
Or bind the dewy curls that stray
Thy trembling breast meandering down—
O lovely May! O long'd-for May!
Within their own self-woven crown.

7.

Arise, O May! arise and see
Thine emerald robes are held for thee
By many a hundred-handed tree,
Who lift from all the fields around
The verdurous velvet from the ground,
And then the spotless vestments lay,
Smooth-folded o'er their outstretch'd arms—
O lovely May! O long'd-for May!
Wherein to fold thy virgin charms.

8.

Thy robes are stiff with golden bees,
Dotted with gems more bright than these,
And scented by each perfumed breeze
That, blown from Heaven's re-open'd bowers,
Become the souls of new-born flowers—
Who thus their sacred birth betray;
Heavenly thou art, nor less should be—
O lovely May! O long'd-for May!
The favour'd forms that wait on thee.

9.

The moss to guard thy feet is spread,
The wreaths are woven for thy head,
The rosy curtains of thy bed
Become transparent in the blaze
Of the strong sun's resistless gaze;
Then, lady, make no more delay,
The world still lives, though Spring be dead—
O lovely May! O long'd-for May!
And thou must rule and reign instead.

10.

The lady from her bed arose,
Her bed the leaves the moss-bud blows,
Herself a lily in that rose;
The maidens of the streams and sands
Bathe some her feet, and some her hands;
And some the emerald robes display;
Her dewy locks were then upcurled,
And lovely May—the long'd-for May—
Was crown'd the Queen of all the World!

1853.

THE SEARCH FOR MAY.

1.

Let us seek the modest May,
She is down in the glen
Hiding
And abiding
From the common gaze of men.
Where the silver streamlet crosses
O'er the smooth stones green with mosses,
And glancing
And dancing,
Goes singing on its way—
We will find the modest maiden there to-day.

2.

Let us seek the merry May,
She is up on the hill,
Laughing,
And quaffing
From the fountain and the rill.
Where the southern zephyr sprinkles,
Like bright smiles on age's wrinkles,
O'er the edges
And ledges
Of the rocks, the wild flowers gay—
We will find the merry maiden there to-day.

3.

Let us seek the musing May,
She is deep in the wood,
Viewing
And pursuing
The beautiful and good.
Where the grassy bank receding,
Spreads its quiet couch for reading

The pages

Of the sages,

And the poet's lyric lay—

We will find the musing maiden there to-day.

4.

Let us seek the mirthful May,

She is out on the strand

Racing

And chasing

The ripples o'er the sand.

Where the warming waves discover

All the treasures that they cover,

Whitening

And brightening

The pebbles for her play—

We will find the mirthful maiden there to-day.

5.

Let us seek the wandering May,

She is off to the plain,

Finding
The winding
Of the labyrinthian lane.
She is passing through its mazes,
While the hawthorn, as it gazes,
With grief, lets
Its leaflets
Whiten all the way—
We will find the wandering maiden there to-day.

6.

Let us seek her in the ray—
Let us track her by the rill—
Wending
Ascending
The slopings of the hill.
Where the robin from the copses
Breathes a love-note, and then drops his
Trilling,
Till, willing,
His mate responds his lay—
We will find the listening maiden there to-day.

7.

But why seek her far away?
Like a young bird in its nest,
She is warming
And forming
Her dwelling in our breast.
While the heart she doth repose on,
Like the down the sunwind blows on,
Gloweth,
Yet showeth
The trembling of the ray—
We will find the happy maiden there to-day.

1853.

THE TIDINGS.

1.

A bright beam came to my window frame,
This sweet May morn,
And it said to the cold, hard glass—
Oh! let me pass,
For I have good news to tell,
The queen of the dewy dell,
The beautiful May is born!

2.

Warm with the race, through the open space,
This sweet May morn,
Came a soft wind out of the skies;
And it said to my heart—Arise!

Go forth from the winter's fire,
For the child of thy long desire,
The beautiful May, is born!

3.

The bright beam glanced and the soft wind danced,
This sweet May morn,
Over my cheek and over my eyes;
And I said with a glad surprise—
Oh, lead me forth, ye blessed twain,
Over the hill and over the plain,
Where the beautiful May is born.

4.

Through the open door leaped the beam before,
This sweet May morn,
And the soft wind floated along,
Like a poet's song,
Warm from his heart and fresh from his brain;
And they led me over the mount and plain,
To the beautiful May new-born.

5.

My guide so bright and my guide so light,
This sweet May morn,
Led me along o'er the grassy ground,
And I knew by each joyous sight and sound,
The fields so green and the skies so gay,
That heaven and earth kept holiday,
That the beautiful May was born.

6.

Out of the sea with their eyes of glee,
This sweet May morn,
Came the blue waves hastily on;
And they, murmuring, cried—Thou happy one!
Show us, O Earth! thy darling child,
For we heard far out on the ocean wild,
That the beautiful May was born.

7.

The wingèd flame to the rose-bud came,
This sweet May morn,
And it said to the flower—Prepare!
Lay thy nectarine bosom bare;
Full soon, full soon, thou must rock to rest,
And nurse and feed on thy glowing breast,
The beautiful May now born.

8.

The gladsome breeze through the trembling trees,
This sweet May morn,
Went joyously on from bough to bough;
And it said to the red-branched plum—O thou!
Cover with mimic pearls and gems,
And with silver bells, thy coral stems,
For the beautiful May now born.

9.

Under the eaves and through the leaves,
  This sweet May morn,
The soft wind whispering flew:
  And it said to the listening birds—O you,
Sweet choristers of the skies,
Awaken your tenderest lullabies,
  For the beautiful May now born.

10.

The white cloud flew to the uttermost blue,
  This sweet May morn,
It bore, like a gentle carrier-dove,
  The blesséd news to the realms above;
While its sister coo'd in the midst of the grove,
And within my heart the spirit of love,
  That the beautiful May was born!

1853.

WELCOME MAY.

1.

Welcome May! welcome May!
Thou hast been too long away,
All the widow'd wintry hours
Wept for thee, gentle May;
But the fault was only ours—
We were sad when thou wert gay!

2.

Welcome May! welcome May!
We are wiser far to-day—
Fonder, too, than we were then.
Gentle May! joyous May!
Now that thou art come again,
We perchance may make thee stay!

3.

Welcome May! welcome May!
Everything kept holiday
Save the human heart alone.
Mirthful May! gladsome May!
We had cares and thou hadst none
When thou camest last this way!

4.

When thou camest last this way
Blossoms bloomed on every spray,
Buds on barren boughs were born—
Fertile May! fruitful May!
Like the rose upon the thorn
Cannot grief awhile be gay?

5.

'Tis not for the golden ray,
Or the flowers that strew thy way,
O, immortal One! thou art
Here, to-day, gentle May—
'Tis to man's ungrateful heart
That thy fairy footsteps stray.

6.

'Tis to give that living clay
Flowers that ne'er can fade away—
Fond remembrances of bliss;
And a foretaste, mystic May,
Of the life that follows this,
Full of joys that last alway!

7.

Other months are cold and gray,
Some are bright, but what are they?
Earth may take the whole eleven—
Hopeful May—happy May!
Thine the borrowed month of Heaven
Cometh thence and points the way.

8.

Wingéd minstrels come and play
Through the woods their roundelay;
Who can tell, but only thou
Spirit-ear'd, inspiréd May,
On the bud-embow'réd bough
What the happy lyrists say?

9.

Is the burden of their lay
Love's desire, or Love's decay?
Are there not some fond regrets
Mix'd with these, divinest May,
For the sun that never sets
Down the everlasting day?

10.

But upon thy wondrous way
Mirth alone should dance and play—
No regrets how fond they be
E'er should wound the ear of May—
Bow before her, flower and tree!
Nor, my heart, do thou delay.

1853.

THE MEETING OF THE FLOWERS.

1.

THERE is within this world of ours
Full many a happy home and hearth;
What time, the Saviour's blessed birth
Makes glad the gloom of wintry hours.

2.

When back from severed shore from shore,
And over seas that vainly part,
The scattered embers of the heart
Glow round the parent hearth once more.

3.

When those, who now are anxious men,
Forget their growing years and cares;
Forget the time-flakes on their hairs,
And laugh, light-hearted boys again.

4.

When those who now are wedded wives,
By children of their own embraced,
Recall their early joys, and taste
Anew the childhood of their lives.

5.

And the old people—the good sire
And kindly parent-mother—glow
To feel their children's children throw
Fresh warmth around the Christmas fire.

6.

When in the sweet colloquial din,
Unheard the sullen sleet-winds shout;
And though the winter rage without,
The social summer reigns within.

7.

But in this wondrous world of ours
Are other circling kindred chords—
Binding poor harmless beasts and birds;
And the fair family of flowers.

8.

That family that meet to-day
From many a foreign field and glen—
For what is Christmas-tide with men
Is with the flowers the time of May.

9.

Back to the meadows of the West,
Back to their natal fields they come;
And as they reach their wished-for home,
The Mother folds them to her breast.

10.

And as she breathes, with balmy sighs,
A fervent blessing over thém,
The tearful, glistening dews begem
The parents' and the children's eyes.

11.

She spreads a carpet for their feet,
And mossy pillows for their heads,
And curtains-round their fairy beds
With blossom-broidered branches sweet;

12.

She feeds them with ambrosial food,
And fills their cups with nectared wine;
And all her choristers combine
To sing their welcome from the wood:

13.

And all that love can do is done,
As shown to them in countless ways;
She kindles to a brighter blaze
The fireside of the world,—the Sun:

14.

And with her own soft, trembling hands,
In many a calm and cool retreat,
She laves the dust that soils their fee
In coming from the distant lands;

15.

Or, leading down some sinuous path,
Where the shy stream's encircling heights
Shut out all prying eyes, invites
Her Lily daughters to the bath.

16.

There, with a mother's harmless pride,
Admires them sport the waves among:
Now lay their ivory limbs along
The buoyant bosom of the tide—

17.

Now lift their marble shoulders o'er
The rippling glass, or sink with fear,
As if the wind approaching near
Were some wild wooer from the shore;

8.

Or else the parent turns to these,
The younglings born beneath her eye,
And hangs the baby-buds close by,
In wind-rocked cradles, from the trees.

19.

And as the branches fall and rise,
Each leafy-folded swathe expands :
And now are spread their tiny hands,
And now are seen their starry eyes.

20.

But soon the feast concludes the day,
And yonder in the sun-warmed dell,
The happy circle meet to tell
Their labours since the bygone May :

21.

A bright-faced youth is first to raise
His cheerful voice above the rest,
Who bears upon his hardy breast
A golden star with silver rays :

22.

Worthily won—for he had been
A traveller in many a land,
And with his slender staff in hand
Had wandered over many a green :

23.

Had seen the Shepherd Sun unpen
Heaven's fleecy flocks, and let them stray
Over the high-peaked Himalay,
Till Night shut up the fold again:

24.

Had sat upon a mossy ledge,
O'er Baiæ in the morning's beams,
Or where the sulphurous crater steams—
Had hung suspended from the edge.

25.

Or following its devious course
Up many a weary winding mile,
Had tracked the long, mysterious Nile
Even to its now no-fabled source:

26.

Resting, perchance, as on he strode,
To see the herded camels pass
Upon the strips of wayside grass
That line with green the dust-white road.

27.

Had often closed his weary lids
In green oases of the waste,
Or in the mighty shadows traced
By the eternal pyramids.

28.

Had slept within an Arab's tent
Pitched for the night beneath a palm,
Or when was heard the vesper psalm
With the pale nun in worship bent:

29.

Or on the moonlit fields of France,
When happy village maidens trod
Lightly the fresh and verdurous sod,
There was he seen amid the dance:

30.

Yielding with sympathizing stem
To the quick feet that round him flew,
Sprang from the ground as they would do,
Or sank unto the earth with thém:

31.

Or, childlike, played with girl and boy,
By many a river's bank, and gave
His floating body to the wave
Full many a time to give them joy.

32.

These and a thousand other tales
The traveller told, and welcome found;
These were the simple tales went round
The happy circles in the vales:

33.

Keeping reserved with conscious pride
His noblest act, his crowning feat,
How he had led even Humboldt's feet
Up Chimborazo's mighty side.

34.

Guiding him through the trackless snow,
By sheltered clefts of living soil,
Sweet'ning the fearless traveller's toil,
With memories of the world below.

35.

Such was the hardy Daisy's tale,
And then the maidens of the group—
Lilies, whose languid heads down droop
Over their pearl-white shoulders pale—

36.

Told, when the genial glow of June
Had passed, they sought still warmer climes,
And took beneath the verdurous limes
Their sweet siesta through the noon:

37.

And seeking still, with fond pursuit,
The phantom Health, which lures and wiles
Its followers, to the shores and isles
Of amber waves, and golden fruit,

38.

There they had seen the orange grove
Enwreath its gold with buds of white,
As if themselves had taken flight,
And settled on the boughs above.

39.

There kiss'd by every rosy mouth,
And press'd to every gentle breast,
These pallid daughters of the West
Reigned in the sunshine of the South.

40.

And thoughtful of the things divine,
Were oft by many an altar found,
Standing like white-robed angels round
The precincts of some sacred shrine.

41.

And Violets, with dark-blue eyes,
Told how they spent the winter time,
In Andalusia's Eden clime,
Or 'neath Italia's kindred skies.

42.

Chiefly when evening's golden gloom
Veil'd Rome's serenest ether soft,
Bending in thoughtful musings oft,
Above the lost Alastor's tomb(1)—

43.

Or the twin-poet's; he who sings
"A thing of beauty never dies"(2),
Paying them back, in fragrant sighs,
The love they bore all loveliest things.

44.

The flower, whose bronzéd cheek recalls
The incessant beat of wind and sun,
Spoke of the lore his search had won
Upon Pompeii's rescued walls.

45.

How, in his antiquarian march,
He crossed the tomb-strewn plain of Rome,
Sat on some prostrate plinth, or clomb
The Coliseum's topmost arch.

46.

And thence beheld, in glad amaze
What Nero's guilty eyes, aloof,
Drank in, from off his golden roof—
The sun-bright city all a-blaze:

47

A-blaze by day with solar fires—
A-blaze by night, with lunar beams,
With lambent lustre on its streams,
And golden glories round its spires!

48.

Thence he beheld that wondrous dome,
That, rising o'er the radiant town,
Circles, with Art's eternal crown,
The still imperial brow of Rome.

49.

Nor was the Marigold remiss,
But told, how in her crown of gold
She sat, like Persia's King of old,
High o'er the shores of Salamis;

50.

And saw, against the morning sky,
The white-sailed fleets their wings display;
And, ere the tranquil close of day,
Fade, like the Persian's, from her eye.—

51.

Fleets, with their white flags all unfurl'd,
Inscribed with "Commerce," and with "Peace,"
Bearing no threatened ill to Greece,
But mutual good to all the world.

52.

And various other flowers were seen,
Cowslip and Oxlip, and the tall
Tulip, whose grateful hearts recall
The winter homes where they had been.

53.

Some in the sunny vales, beneath
The sheltering hills; and some, whose eyes
Were gladdened by the southern skies,
High up amid the blooming heath.—

54.

Meek, modes flowers, by poets loved,
Sweet Pansies, with their dark eyes fringed
With silken lashes finely tinged,
That trembled if a leaf but moved:

55.

And some in gardens, where the grass
Mossed o'er the green quadrangle's breast,
There dwelt each flower, a welcome guest,
In crystal palaces of glass :

56.

Shown as a beauteous wonder there,
By beauty's hands to beauty's eyes,
Breathing what mimic art supplies,
The genial glow of sun-warm air.

57.

Nor were the absent ones forgot,
Those whom a thousand cares detained,
Those whom the links of duty chained
Awhile from this, their natal spot.

58.

One, who in labour's useful tracks
Is proudly eminent, who roams
The providence of humble homes—
The blue-eyed, fair-haired, friendly Flax :

59.

Giving himself to cheer and light
The cottier's else o'ershadowing murk—
Filling his hand with cheerful work,
And all his being with delight:

60.

And one, the loveliest and the last,
For whom they waited day by day,
All through the merry month of May,
Till one and thirty days had passed.

61.

And when, at length, the longed-for noon
Of night arched o'er th' expectant green—
The Rose, their sister and their queen—
Came on the joyous wings of June:

62.

And when was heard the gladsome sound,
And when was breath'd her beauteous name,
Unnumbered buds, like lamps of flame,
Gleamed from the hedges all around:

63.

Where she had been, the distant clime,
The orient realm her sceptre sways,
The poet's pen may paint and praise
Hereafter in his simple rhyme.

1852.

THE PROGRESS OF THE ROSE.

1.

The days of old—the good old days,
Whose misty memories haunt us still—
Demand alike our blame and praise,
And claim their share of good and ill.

2.

They had strong faith in things unseen,
But stronger in the things they saw;
Revenge for Mercy's pitying mien,
And lordly Right for equal Law.

3.

'Tis true, the cloisters, all throughout
The valleys, rais'd their peaceful towers,
And their sweet bells ne'er wearied out
In telling of the tranquil hours.

4.

But from the craggy hills above,
A shadow darken'd o'er the sward;
For there—a vulture to this dove—
Hung the rude fortress of the lord;

5.

Whence oft the ravening bird of prey
Descending, to his eyrie wild,
Bore, with exulting cries, away
The powerless serf's dishonour'd child.

6.

Then Safety lit with partial beams
But the high-castled peaks of Force,
And Polity revers'd its streams,
And bade them flow but for their Source,—

7.

That Source from which, meandering down,
A thousand streamlets circle now;
For then the monarch's glorious crown
But girt the most rapacious brow.

8.

But individual Force is dead,
And link'd Opinion late takes birth;
And now a Woman's gentle head
Supports the mightiest crown on earth:

9.

A pleasing type of all the change
Permitted to our eyes to see,
When she herself is free to range
Throughout the realm her rule makes free;

10.

Not prison'd in a golden cage,
To sigh or sing her lonely state—
A show for youth or doating age
With idiot eyes to contemplate.

11.

But when the season sends a thrill
To ev'ry heart that lives and moves,
She seeks the freedom of the hill,
Or shelter of the noontide groves;

12.

There, happy with her chosen mate,
And circled by her chirping brood,
Forgets the pain of being great
In the mere bliss of being good.

13.

And thus the festive summer yields
No sight more happy, none so gay,
As when amid her subject-fields
She wanders on from day to day.

14.

Resembling her, whom proud and fond
The bard hath sung of—she of old,
Who bore upon her snow-white wand,
All Erin through, the ring of gold.

15.

Thus, from her castles coming forth,
She wanders many a summer hour,
Bearing the ring of private worth
Upon the silver wand of Power.

16.

Thus musing, while around me flew
Sweet airs from Fancy's amaranth bowers,
Methought, what this fair Queen doth do,
Hath yearly done, the Queen of Flowers.

17.

The beauteous Queen of all the flowers,
Whose faintest sigh is like a spell,
Was born in Eden's sinless bowers,
Long ere our primal parents fell.

18.

There, in a perfect form, she grew,
Nor felt decay, nor tasted death;
Heaven was reflected in her hue,
And Heaven's own odours filled her breath.

19.

And ere the Angel of the Sword
Drove thence the founders of our race,
They knelt before him, and implor'd
Some relic of that radiant place,—

20.

Some relic that, while time would last,
Should make men weep their fatal sin—
Proof of the glory that was past,
And type of that they yet might win.

21.

The Angel turn'd; and ere his hands
The gates of bliss for ever close,
Pluck'd from the fairest tree that stands
Within Heaven's walls—the peerless Rose;

22.

And as he gave it unto them,
Let fall a tear upon its leaves—
The same celestial liquid gem
We oft perceive on dewy eves.

23.

Grateful, the hapless twain went forth—
The golden portals backward whirl'd—
Then first they felt the biting north,
And all the rigour of this world;

24.

Then first the dreadful curse had power
To chill the life-streams at their source,
Till e'en the sap within the flower
Grew curdled in its upward course.

25.

They twin'd their trembling hands across
Their trembling breasts against the drift,
Then sought some little mound of moss,
Wherein to lay their precious gift,—

26.

Some little soft and mossy mound,
Wherein the flower might rest till morn;
In vain! God's curse was on the ground,
For through the moss outgleam'd the thorn!

27.

Outgleam'd the forkéd plant, as if
The serpent Tempter, in his rage,
Had put his tongue in every leaf
To mock them through their pilgrimage.

28.

They did their best; their hands eras'd
The thorns of greater strength and size;
Then 'mid the softer moss they plac'd
The exiled flower of Paradise.

29.

The plant took root; the beams and showers
Came kindly, and its fair head rear'd;
But lo! around its heaven of flowers
The thorns and moss of earth appear'd.

30.

Type of the greater change that then
Upon our hapless nature fell,
When the degenerate hearts of men
Bore sin and all the thorns of hell.

31.

Happy, indeed, and sweet our pain,
However torn, however tost,
If, like the Rose, our hearts retain
Some vestige of the Heaven we've lost.

32.

Where she upon this colder sphere
Found shelter first, she there abode;
Her native bowers, unseen, were near,
And near her still Euphrates flow'd—

33.

Brilliantly flow'd; but ah! how dim,
Compar'd to what its light had been;—
As if the fiery Cherubim
Let pass the tide, but kept its sheen.

34.

At first she liv'd and reign'd alone,
No lily-maidens yet had birth;
No turban'd tulips round her throne
Bow'd with their foreheads to the earth.

35.

No rival sisters had she yet—
She with the snowy forehead fringed
With blushes; nor the sweet brunette
Whose cheek the yellow sun has ting'd.

36.

Nor all the harbingers of May,
Nor all the clustering joys of June;
Uncarpeted the bare earth lay,
Unhung the branches' gay festoon.

37.

But Nature came in kindly mood,
And gave her kindred of her own;
Knowing full well it is not good
For man or flower to be alone.

38.

Long in her happy court she dwelt,
In floral games and feasts of mirth,
Until her heart kind wishes felt
To share her joy with all the earth.

39.

To go from longing land to land
A stateless queen—a welcome guest—
O'er hill and vale—by sea and strand—
From North to South, and East to West.

40.

And thus it is that every year,
Ere Autumn dons his russet robe,
She calls her unseen charioteer,
And makes her progress through the globe.

41.

First, sharing in the month-long feast—
"The Feast of Roses"—in whose light
And grateful joy, the first and least
Of all her subjects reunite.

42.

She sends her heralds on before:
The bee rings out his bugle bold,
The daisy spreads her marbled floor,
The buttercup her cloth of gold.

43.

The lark leaps up into the sky,
To watch her coming from afar;
The larger moon descends more nigh,
More lingering lags the morning star.

44.

From out the villages and towns,
From all of mankind's mix'd abodes,
The people, by the lawns and downs,
Go meet her on the winding roads.

45.

And some would bear her in their hands,
And some would press her to their breast,
And some would worship where she stands,
And some would claim her as their guest.

46.

Her gracious smile dispels the gloom
Of many a love-sick girl and boy;
Her very presence in a room
Doth fill the languid air with joy.

47.

Her breath is like a fragrant tune,
She is the soul of every spot;
Gives nature to the rich saloon,
And splendour to the peasant's cot.

48.

Her mission is to calm and soothe,
And purely glad life's every stage;
Her garlands grace the brow of youth,
And hide the hollow lines of age.

49.

But to the Poet she belongs,
By immemorial ties of love;—
Herself a folded book of songs,
Dropp'd from the Angel's hands above.

50.

Then come and make his heart thy home,
For thee it opes, for thee it glows;
Type of ideal beauty, come!
Wonder of Nature! queenly Rose!

1852.

THE BATH OF THE STREAMS.

1.

Down unto the ocean,
Trembling with emotion,
Panting at the notion,
See the rivers run—
In the golden weather,
Tripping o'er the heather,
Laughing all together—
Madcaps every one.

2.

Like a troop of girls
In their loosen'd curls,
See, the concourse whirls
Onward wild with glee;

List their tuneful tattle,
Hear their pretty prattle,
How they'll love to battle
With the assailing sea.

3.

See, the winds pursue them,
See, the willows woo them,
See, the lakelets view them
Wistfully afar,
With a wistful wonder
Down the green slopes under,
Wishing, too, to thunder
O'er their prison bar.

4.

Wishing, too, to wander
By the sea-waves yonder,
There awhile to squander
All their silvery stores,

There awhile forgetting
All their vain regretting
When their foam went fretting
Round the rippling shores.

5.

Round the rocky region,
Whence their prison'd legion,
Oft and oft besieging,
Vainly sought to break,
Vainly sought to throw them
O'er the vales below them,
Through the clefts that show them
Paths they dare not take.

6.

But the swift streams speed them
In the might of freedom,
Down the paths that lead them
Joyously along.

Blinding green recesses
With their floating tresses,
Charming wildernesses
With their murmuring song.

7.

Now the streams are gliding
With a sweet abiding—
Now the streams are hiding
'Mid the whispering reeds—
Now the streams outglancing
With a shy advancing
Naiad-like go dancing
Down the golden meads.

8.

Down the golden meadows,
Chasing their own shadows—
Down the golden meadows,
Playing as they run;

Playing with the sedges,
By the water's edges,
Leaping o'er the ledges,
Glist'ning in the sun.

9.

Streams and streamlets blending,
Each on each attending,
All together wending,
Seek the silver sands;
Like to sisters holding
With a fond enfolding—
Like to sisters holding
One another's hands.

10.

Now with foreheads blushing
With a rapturous flushing—
Now the streams are rushing
In among the waves.

Now in shy confusion,
With a pale suffusion,
Seek the wild seclusion
Of sequestered caves.

11.

All the summer hours
Hiding in the bowers,
Scattering silver showers
Out upon the strand;
O'er the pebbles crashing,
Through the ripples splashing,
Liquid pearl-wreaths dashing
From each other's hand.

12.

By yon mossy boulder,
See an ivory shoulder—
Dazzling the beholder—
Rises o'er the blue;

But a moment's thinking
Sends the Naiad sinking,
With a modest shrinking,
From the gazer's view.

13.

Now the wave compresses
All their golden tresses—
Now their sea-green dresses
Float them o'er the tide;
Now with elf-locks dripping
From the brine they're sipping,
With a fairy tripping,
Down the green waves glide.

14.

Some that scarce have tarried
By the shore, are carried
Sea-ward to be married
To the glad gods there—

Triton's horn is playing,
Neptune's steeds are neighing,
Restless with delaying
For a bride so fair.

15.

See at first the river
How its pale lips quiver,
How its white waves shiver
With a fond unrest;
List how low it sigheth,
See how swift it flieth,
Till at length it lieth
On the ocean's breast.

16.

Such is Youth's admiring,
Such is Love's desiring,
Such is Hope's aspiring
For the higher goal;

Such is man's condition,
Till in heaven's fruition
Ends the mystic mission
Of the eternal soul.

1855.

THE FLOWERS OF THE TROPICS.

"C'est ainsi qu'elle a mis, entre les tropiques, la plupart des fleurs apparentes sur des arbres. J'y en ai vu bien peu dans les prairies, mais beaucoup dans les forets. Dans ces pays, il faut lever les yeux eu haut pour y voir des fleurs; dans le notre, il faut les baisser à terre."—SAINT PIERRE, *Etudes de la Nature.*

1.

In the soft sunny regions that circle the waist
Of the globe with a girdle of topaz and gold,
Which heave with the throbbings of life where they're placed,
And glow with the fire of the heart they enfold;
Where to live, where to breathe, seems a paradise dream—
A dream of some world more elysian than this,—
Where, if Death and if Sin were away, it would seem
Not the foretaste alone, but the fulness of bliss.

2.

Where all that can gladden the sense and the sight,
Fresh fruitage as cool and as crimson as even;
Where the richness and rankness of Nature unite
To build the frail walls of the Sybarite's heaven.
But ah! should the heart feel the desolate dearth
Of some purer enjoyment to speed the bright hours,
In vain through the leafy luxuriance of earth
Looks the languid-lit eye for the freshness of flowers.

3.

No, its glance must be turned from the earth to the sky,
From the clay-rooted grass to the heaven-branching trees;
And there, oh! enchantment for soul and for eye,
Hang blossoms so pure that an angel might seize.
Thus, when pleasure begins from its sweetness to cloy,
And the warm heart grows rank like a soil over ripe,
We must turn from the earth for some promise of joy,
And look up to Heaven for a holier type.

4.

In the climes of the North, which alternately shine,
Now warm with the sunbeam, now white with the snow,
And which, like the breast of the Earth they entwine,
Grow chill with its chillness, or glow with its glow;
In those climes where the soul, on more vigorous wing,
Rises soaring to heaven in its rapturous flight,
And, led ever on by the radiance they fling,
Tracketh star after star through infinitude's night.

5.

How oft doth the seer from his watch-tower on high
Scan the depths of the heavens with his wonderful glass;
And, like Noah of old, when Earth's creatures went by,
Name the orbs and the sun-lighted spheres as they pass.
How often, when drooping, and weary, and worn,
With fire-throbbing temples and star-dazzled eyes,
Does he turn from his glass at the breaking of morn,
And exchanges for flowers all the wealth of the skies?

6.

Ah! thus should we mingle the far and the near,
And, while striving to pierce what the Godhead conceals,
From the far heights of Science look down with a fear
To the lowliest truths the same Godhead reveals.
When the rich fruit of Joy glads the heart and the mouth,
Or the bold wing of Thought leads the daring soul forth;
Let us proudly look up as for flowers of the South,
Let us humbly look down as for flowers of the North.

1853.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SNOW.

1.

The night brings forth the morn—
Of the cloud is lightning born;
From out the darkest earth the brightest roses grow.
Bright sparks from black flints fly,
And from out a leaden sky
Comes the silvery-footed Spirit of the Snow.

2.

The wondering air grows mute,
As her pearly parachute
Cometh slowly down from heaven, softly floating to and fro;
And the earth emits no sound,
As lightly on the ground
Leaps the silvery-footed Spirit of the Snow.

3.

At the contact of her tread,
The mountain's festal head,
As with chaplets of white roses, seems to glow;
And its furrowed cheek grows white
With a feeling of delight,
At the presence of the Spirit of the Snow.

4.

As she wendeth to the vale,
The longing fields grow pale—
The tiny streams that vein them cease to flow;
And the river stays its tide
With wonder and with pride,
To gaze upon the Spirit of the Snow.

5.

But little doth she deem
The love of field or stream—
She is frolicsome and lightsome as the roe;
She is here, and she is there,
On the earth or in the air,
Ever changing, floats the Spirit of the Snow.

6.

Now a daring climber, she
Mounts the tallest forest-tree—
Out along the giddy branches doth she go;
And her tassels, silver-white,
Down swinging through the night,
Mark the pillow of the Spirit of the Snow.

7.

Now she climbs the mighty mast,
When the sailor boy at last
Dreams of home in his hammock down below;
There she watches in his stead
Till the morning sun shines red,
Then evanishes the Spirit of the Snow.

8.

Or crowning with white fire
The minster's topmost spire
With a glory such as sainted foreheads show;
She teaches fanes are given
Thus to lift the heart to Heaven,
There to melt like the Spirit of the Snow.

9.

Now above the loaded wain,
Now beneath the thundering train,
Doth she hear the sweet bells tinkle and the snorting
engine blow;
Now she flutters on the breeze,
Till the branches of the trees
Catch the tossed and tangled tresses of the Spirit of
the Snow.

10.

Now an infant's balmy breath
Gives the Spirit seeming death,
When adown her pallid features fair Decay's damp
dew-drops flow;
Now again her strong assault
Can make an army halt,
And trench itself in terror 'gainst the Spirit of the
Snow.

11.

At times with gentle power,
In visiting some bower,
She scarce will hide the holly's red, the blackness of the sloe;
But ah! her awful might,
When down some Alpine height
The hapless hamlet sinks before the Spirit of the Snow.

12.

On a feather she floats down
The turbid rivers brown,
Down to meet the drifting navies of the winter-freighted floe;
Then swift o'er the azure walls
Of the awful waterfalls,
Where Niagara leaps roaring, glides the Spirit of the Snow.

13.

With her flag of truce unfurled,
She makes peace o'er all the world—
Makes bloody battles cease awhile, and War's unpitying woe;
Till, its hollow womb within,
The deep dark-mouthed culverin
Encloses, like a cradled child, the Spirit of the Snow.

14.

She uses in her need
The fleetly-flying steed—
Now tries the rapid reindeer's strength, and now the camel slow;
Or, ere defiled by earth,
Unto her place of birth,
Returns upon the eagle's wing the Spirit of the Snow.

15.

Oft with pallid figure bowed,
Like the Banshee in her shroud,
Doth the moon her spectral shadow o'er some silent gravestone throw;
Then moans the fitful wail,
And the wanderer grows pale,
Till at morning fades the phantom of the Spirit of the Snow.

16.

In her ermine cloak of state
She sitteth at the gate
Of some winter-prisoned princess in her palace by the Po;
Who dares not to come forth
Till back unto the North
Flies the beautiful besieger—the Spirit of the Snow.

17.

In her spotless linen hood,
Like the other sisterhood,
She braves the open cloister when the psalm sounds
sweet and low;
When some sister's bier doth pass
From the minster and the mass,
Soon to sink into the earth, like the Spirit of the
Snow.

18.

But at times so full of joy,
She will play with girl and boy,
Fly from out their tingling fingers, like white fire-
balls on the foe;
She will burst in feathery flakes,
And the ruin that she makes
Will but wake the crackling laughter of the Spirit
of the Snow.

19.

Or in furry mantle drest,
She will fondle on her breast
The embryo buds awaiting the near Spring's mysterious throe;
So fondly that the first
Of the blossoms that outburst
Will be called the beauteous daughter of the Spirit of the Snow.

20.

Ah! would that we were sure
Of hearts so warmly pure,
In all the Winter weather that this lesser life must know;
That when shines the Sun of Love
From a warmer realm above,
In its light we may dissolve, like the Spirit of the Snow.

1853.

THE YEAR-KING.

1.

It is the last of all the days,
The day on which the Old Year dies.
Ah! yes, the fated hour is near;
I see upon his snow-white bier
Outstretched the weary wanderer lies,
And mark his dying gaze.

2.

A thousand visions dark and fair,
Crowd on the old man's fading sight;
A thousand mingled memories throng
The old man's heart, still green and strong;
The heritage of wrong and right
He leaves unto his heir.

3.

He thinks upon his budding hopes,
The day he stood the world's young king,
Upon his coronation morn,
When diamonds hung on every thorn,
And peeped the pearl flowers of the spring
Adown the emerald slopes.

4.

He thinks upon his youthful pride,
When in his ermined cloak of snow,
Upon his war-horse, stout and staunch,—
The cataract-crested avalanche,—
He thundered on the rocks below,
With his warriors at his side.

5.

From rock to rock, through cloven scalp(3),
By rivers rushing to the sea,
With thunderous sound his army wound
The heaven supporting hills around;
Like that the Man of Destiny
Led down the astonished Alp.

6.

The bugles of the blast rang out,
The banners of the lightning swung,
The icy spear-points of the pine
Bristled along the advancing line,
And as the winds' reveillé rung,
Heavens! how the hills did shout.

7.

Adown each slippery precipice
Rattled the loosen'd rocks, like balls
Shot from his booming thunder guns,
Whose smoke, effacing stars and suns,
Darkens the stifled heaven, and falls
Far off in arrowy showers of ice.

8.

Ah! yes, he was a mighty king,
A mighty king, full flushed with youth;
He cared not then what ruin lay
Upon his desolating way;
Not his the cause of God or Truth,
But the brute lust of conquering.

9.

Nought could resist his mighty will,
The green grass withered where he stood;
His ruthless hands were prompt to seize
Upon the tresses of the trees;
Then shrieked the maidens of the wood,
And the saplings of the hill.

10.

Nought could resist his mighty will;
For in his ranks rode spectral Death;
The old expired through very fear,
And pined the young, when he came near;
The faintest flutter of his breath
Was sharp enough to kill.

11.

Nought could resist his mighty will;
The flowers fell dead beneath his tread;
The streams of life, that through the plains
Throb night and day through crystal veins,
With feverish pulses frighten'd fled,
Or curdled, and grew still.

12.

Nought could resist his mighty will;
On rafts of ice, blue-hued, like steel,
He crossed the broadest rivers o'er;
Ah! me, and then was heard no more
The murmur of the peaceful wheel
That turned the peasant's mill.

13.

But why the evil that attends
On War recall to further view?
Accurséd War!—the world too well
Knows what thou art—thou fiend of hell!
The heartless havoc of a few,
For their own selfish ends!

14.

Soon, soon the youthful conqueror
Felt moved, and bade the horrors cease;
Nature resumed its ancient sway,
Warm tears rolled down the cheeks of Day,
And Spring, the harbinger of peace,
Proclaimed the fight was o'er.

15.

Oh! what a change came o'er the world;
The winds, that cut like naked swords,
Shed balm upon the wounds they made;
And they who came the first to aid
The foray of grim winter's hordes
The flag of truce unfurled.

16.

Oh! how the song of joy, the sound
Of rapture thrills the leaguered camps;
The tinkling showers like cymbals clash
Upon the late leaves of the ash,
And blossoms hang like festal lamps
On all the trees around.

17.

And there is sunshine, sent to strew
God's cloth of gold, whereon may dance,
To music that harmonious moves,
The linkéd Graces and the Loves;
Making reality romance,
And rare romance even more than true.

18.

The fields laughed out in dimpling flowers,
The stream's blue eyes flashed bright with smiles;
The pale-faced clouds turned rosy-red,
As they looked down from over head;
Then fled o'er continents and isles,
To shed their happy tears in showers.

19.

The youthful monarch's heart grew light
To find what joy good deeds can shed;
To nurse the orphan buds that bent
Over each turf-piled monument,
Wherein the parent flowers lay dead
Who perished in that fight.

20.

And as he roamed from day to day,
Atoning thus to flower and tree,
Flinging his lavish gold around
In countless yellow flowers, he found,
By gladsome-weeping April's knee,
The modest maiden May.

21.

Oh! she was young as angels are,
Ere the eternal youth they lead
Gives any clue to tell the hours
They've spent in heaven's Elysian bowers;
Ere God before their eyes decreed
The birth-day of some beauteous star.

22.

Oh! she was fair as are the leaves
Of pale white roses, when the light
Of sunset, through some trembling bough,
Kisses the queen-flower's blushing brow,
Nor leaves it red nor marble white,
But rosy-pale, like April eves.

23.

Her eyes were like forget-me-nots,
Dropped in the silvery snow-drop's cup,
Or on the folded myrtle buds,
The azure violet of the woods;
Just as the thirsty sun drinks up
The dewy diamonds on the plots.

24.

And her sweet breath was like the sighs
Breathed by a babe of Youth and Love;
When all the fragrance of the South
From the cleft cherry of its mouth,
Meets the fond lips that from above
Stoop to caress its slumbering eyes.

25.

He took the maiden by the hand,
And led her in her simple gown
Unto a hamlet's peaceful scene,
Upraised her standard on the green;
And crowned her with a rosy crown
The beauteous Queen of all the land.

26.

And happy was the maiden's reign—
For Peace, and Mirth, and twin-born Love
Came forth from out men's hearts tha day,
Their gladsome fealty to pay;
And there was music in the grove,
And dancing on the plain.

27.

And Labour carolled at his task,
Like the blithe bird that sings and builds
His happy household 'mid the leaves;
And now the fibrous twig he weaves,
And now he sings to her who gilds
The sole horizon he doth ask.

28.

And Sickness half forgot its pain,
And Sorrow half forgot its grief;
And Eld forgot that it was old,
As if to show the age of gold
Was not the poet's fond belief,
But every year comes back again.

29.

The Year-King passed along his way,
Rejoiced, rewarded, and content;
He passed to distant lands and new;
For other tasks he had to do;
But wheresoe'er the wanderer went,
He ne'er forgot his darling May.

30.

He sent her stems of living gold
From the rich plains of western lands,
And purple-gushing grapes from vines
Born of the amorous sun that shines
Where Tagus rolls its golden sands,
Or Guadaleté old.

31.

And citrons from Firenze's fields,
And golden apples from the isles
That gladden the bright southern seas,
True home of the Hesperides;
Which now no dragon guards, but smiles,
The bounteous mother, as she yields.

32.

And then the King grew old like Lear—
His blood waxed chill, his beard grew gray;
He changed his sceptre for a staff:
And as the thoughtless children laugh
To see him totter on his way,
He knew his destined hour was near.

33.

And soon it came; and here he strives,
Outstretched upon his snow-white bier,
To reconcile the dread account—
How stands the balance, what the amount;
As we shall do with trembling fear
When our last hour arrives.

34.

Come, let us kneel around his bed,
And pray unto his God and ours
For mercy on his servant here:
Oh, God be with the dying Year!
And God be with the happy hours
That died before their sire lay dead!

35.

And as the bells commingling ring
The New Year in, the Old Year out,
Muffled and sad, and now in peals
With which the quivering belfry reels,
Grateful and hopeful be the shout,
The King is dead!—Long live the King!

1851.

THE AWAKING.

1.

A Lady came to a snow-white bier,
Where a youth lay pale and dead;
She took the veil from her widowed head,
And, bending low, in his ear she said—
Awaken! for I am here.

2.

She pass'd with a smile to a wild wood near,
Where the boughs were barren and bare;
She tapp'd on the bark with her fingers fair,
And call'd to the leaves that were buried there—
Awaken! for I am here.

3.

The birds beheld her without a fear
As she walk'd through the dank-moss'd dells;
She breathed on their downy citadels,
And whisper'd the young in their ivory shells—
Awaken! for I am here.

4.

On the graves of the flowers she dropp'd a tear,
But with hope and with joy, like us;
And even as the Lord to Lazarus,
She call'd to the slumbering sweet flowers thus—
Awaken! for I am here.

5.

To the lilies that lay in the silver mere,
To the reeds by the golden pond;
To the moss by the rounded marge beyond,
She spoke, with her voice so soft and fond—
Awaken! for I am here.

6.

The violet peep'd, with its blue eye clear,
From under its own gravestone;
For the blessed tidings around had flown,
And before she spoke, the impulse was known—
Awaken! for I am here.

7.

The pale grass lay with its long locks sere
On the breast of the open plain;
She loosened the matted hair of the slain,
And cried, as she filled each juicy vein—
Awaken! for I am here.

8.

The rush rose up, with its pointed spear;
The flag, with its falchion broad;
The dock uplifted its shield unawed,
As her voice ran clear through the quickening sod—
Awaken! for I am here.

9.

The red blood ran through the clover near,
And the heath on the hills o'erhead;
The daisy's fingers were tipp'd with red,
As she started to life, when the Lady said—
Awaken! for I am here.

10.

And the young Year rose from his snow-white bier,
And the flowers from their green retreat;
And they came and knelt at the Lady's feet,
Saying all, with their mingled voices sweet—
O Lady! behold us here.

1853.

THE RESURRECTION.

1.

The day of wintry wrath is o'er,
The whirlwind and the storm have pass'd,
The whiten'd ashes of the snow
Enwrap the ruined world no more;
Nor keenly from the orient blow,
The venom'd hissings of the blast.

2.

The frozen tear-drops of despair
Have melted from the trembling thorn;
Hope plumes unseen her radiant wing,
And lo! amid the expectant air,
The trumpet of the Angel Spring,
Proclaims the Resurrection morn.

3.

Oh! what a wave of gladsome sound
Runs rippling round the shores of space,
As the requicken'd earth upheaves
The swelling bosom of the ground,
And Death's cold pallor, startled, leaves
The deepening roses of her face.

4.

Up from their graves the dead arise,
The dead and buried flowers of Spring;
Up from their graves in glad amaze,
Once more to view the long-lost skies,
Resplendent with the dazzling rays
Of their great coming Lord and King.

5.

And lo! even like that mightiest one,
In the world's last and awful hour,
Surrounded by the starry seven,
So comes God's greatest work, the Sun,
Upborne upon the clouds of heaven,
In pomp, and majesty, and power.

6.

The virgin snowdrop bends its head
Above its grave in grateful prayer;
The daisy lifts its radiant brow,
With a saint's glory round it shed;
The violet's worth, unhidden now,
Is wafted wide by every air.

7.

The parent stem reclasps once more
Its long-lost severed buds and leaves;
Once more the tender tendrils twine
Around the forms they clasped of yore:
The very rain is now a sign,
Great Nature's heart no longer grieves.

8.

And now the judgment-hour arrives,
And now their final doom they know;
No dreadful doom is theirs, whose birth
Was not more stainless than their lives;
'Tis goodness calls them from the earth,
And mercy tells them where to go.

9.

Some of them fly with glad accord,
Obedient to the high behest,
To worship with their fragrant breath
Around the altars of the Lord;
And some, from nothingness and death,
Pass to the heaven of beauty's breast.

10.

Oh! let the simple fancy be
Prophetic of our final doom;
Grant us, O Lord, when from the sod
Thou deign'st to call us too, that we
Pass to the bosom of our God
From the dark nothing of the tomb!

1853.

THE FIRST OF THE ANGELS.

1.

Hush! hush! through the azure expanse of the sky,
Comes a low, gentle sound, 'twixt a laugh and a sigh;
And I rise from my writing, and look up on high,
And I kneel—for the first of God's angels is nigh!

2.

Oh! how to describe what my rapt eyes descry!—
For the blue of the sky is the blue of his eye;
And the white clouds, whose whiteness the snow-
flakes outvie,
Are the luminous pinions on which he doth fly!

3.

And his garments of gold gleam at times like the
pyre
Of the west, when the sun in a blaze doth expire;—
Now tinged like the orange—now flaming with
fire!—
Half the crimson of roses and purple of Tyre.

4.

And his voice, on whose accents the angels have
hung—
He himself a bright angel, immortal and young—
Scatters melody sweeter the green buds among,
Than the poet e'er wrote, or the nightingale sung.

5.

It comes on the balm-bearing breath of the breeze,
And the odours, that later will gladden the bees,
With a life and a freshness united to these,
From the rippling of waters, and rustling of trees.

6.

Like a swan to its young o'er the glass of a pond,
So to earth comes the angel, as graceful and fond;
While a bright beam of sunshine—his magical wand—
Strikes the fields at my feet, and the mountains beyond.

7.

They waken—they start into life at a bound—
Flowers climb the tall hillocks, and cover the ground;
With a nimbus of glory the mountains are crown'd,
As their rivulets rush to the ocean profound.

8.

There is life on the earth—there is calm on the sea,
And the rough waves are smoothed, and the frozen are free;
And they gambol and ramble like boys, in their glee,
Round the shell-shining strand on the grass-bearing lea.

9.

There is love for the young—there is life for the old,
And wealth for the needy, and heat for the cold;
For the dew scatters, nightly, its diamonds untold,
And the snowdrop its silver—the crocus its gold!

10.

God!—whose goodness and greatness we bless and adore—
Be Thou praised for this angel—the first of the four—
To whose charge Thou hast given the world's uttermost shore,
To guide it, and guard it, till time is no more!

1853.

SPIRIT VOICES.

1.

THERE are voices, spirit voices, sweetly sounding
everywhere,
At whose coming earth rejoices, and the echoing
realms of air,
And their joy and jubilation pierce the near and reach
the far—
From the rapid world's gyration to the twinkling of
the star.

2.

One, a potent voice uplifting, stops the white cloud
on its way,
As it drives with driftless drifting o'er the vacant
vault of day,
And in sounds of soft upbraiding calls it down the
void inane
To the gilding and the shading of the mountain and
the plain.

3.

Airy offspring of the fountains, to thy destined duty
sail—
Seek it on the proudest mountains, seek it in the
humblest vale;
Howsoever high thou fliest, how so deep it bids
thee go,
Be a beacon to the highest and a blessing to the
low.

4.

When the sad earth, broken-hearted, hath not even
a tear to shed,
And her very soul seems parted for her children lying
dead,
Send the streams with warmer pulses through that
frozen fount of fears,
And the sorrow that convulses, soothe and soften
down to tears.

5.

Bear the sunshine and the shadow, bear the rain-drop
and the snow,
Bear the night-dew to the meadow, and to hope the
promised bow,
Bear the moon, a moving mirror for her angel face
and form,
And to guilt and wilful error bear the lightning and
the storm.

L OF C.

6.

When thou thus hast done thy duty on the earth and
o'er the sea,
Bearing many a beam of beauty, ever bettering what
must be,
Thus reflecting heaven's pure splendour and con-
cealing ruined clay,
Up to God thy spirit render, and dissolving pass
away.

7.

And with fond solicitation, speaks another to the
streams—
Leave your airy isolation, quit the cloudy land of
dreams,
Break the lonely peak's attraction, burst the solemn
silent glen,
Seek the living world of action and the busy haunts
of men.

8.

Turn the mill-wheel with thy fingers, turn the steam-wheel with thy breath,
With thy tide that never lingers save the dying fields from death;
Let the swiftness of thy currents bear to man the freight-fill'd ship,
And the crystal of thy torrents bring refreshment to his lip.

9.

And when thou, O rapid river, thy eternal home dost seek—
When no more the willows quiver but to touch thy passing cheek—
When the groves no longer greet thee and the shore no longer kiss—
Let infinitude come meet thee on the verge of the abyss.

10.

Other voices seek to win us—low, suggestive, like
the rest—
But the sweetest is within us in the stillness of the
breast;
Be it ours, with fond desiring, the same harvest to
produce
As the cloud in its aspiring and the river in its use.

1853.

THE BRIDAL OF THE YEAR.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky.

GEORGE HERBERT.

1.

YES! the summer is returning,
Warmer, brighter beams are burning;
Golden mornings, purple evenings,
Come to glad the world once more.
Nature from her long sojourning
In the Winter-House of Mourning,
With the light of hope outpeeping
From those eyes that late were weeping,
Cometh dancing o'er the waters
To our distant shore.

On the boughs the birds are singing,
Never idle,
For the bridal
Goes the frolic breeze a-ringing
All the green bells on the branches,
Which the soul of man doth hear;
Music-shaken,
It doth waken,
Half in hope and half in fear,
And dons its festal garments for the Bridal of the Year!

2.

For the year is sempiternal,
Never wintry, never vernal,
Still the same through all the changes
That our wondering eyes behold.
Spring is but his time of wooing—
Summer but the sweet renewing
Of the vows he utters yearly,
Ever fondly and sincerely,

To the young Bride that he weddeth,
When to Heaven departs the old,
For it is her fate to perish,
Having brought him,
In the Autumn,
Children for his heart to cherish.
Summer, like a human mother,
Dies in bringing forth her young;
Sorrow blinds him,
Winter finds him
Childless, too, their graves among,
Till May returns once more, and bridal hymns are sung.

3.

Thrice the great Betrothéd naming,
Thrice the mystic banns proclaiming,
February, March, and April,
Spread the tidings far and wide;
Thrice they questioned each new-comer,
"Know ye, why the sweet-faced Summer,

With her rich imperial dower,
Golden fruit and diamond flower,
And her pearly rain-drop trinkets,
Should not be the green Earth's Bride?"
All things vocal spoke elated
(Nor the voiceless
Did rejoice less)—
"Be the marriage consummated!"
All the many murmuring voices
Of the music-breathing Spring,
Young birds twittering,
Streamlets glittering,
Insects on transparent wing,—
All hailed the Summer nuptials of their King!

4.

Now the rosy east gives warning
'Tis the wished-for nuptial morning.
Sweetest truant from Elysium,
Golden morning of the May!

All the guests are in their places—
Lilies with pale, high-bred faces—
Hawthorns in white wedding favours,
Scented with celestial savours—
Daisies, like sweet country maidens,
Wear white scolloped frills to-day;
'Neath her hat of straw the Peasant
Primrose sitteth,
Nor permitteth
Any of her kindred present,
'Specially the milk-sweet cowslip,
E'er to leave the tranquil shade;
By the hedges,
Or the edges
Of some stream or grassy glade,
They look upon the scene half wistful, half afraid.

5.

Other guests, too, are invited,
From the alleys dimly lighted,

From the pestilential vapours
Of the over-peopled town—
From the fever and the panic,
Comes the hard-worked, swarth mechanic—
Comes his young wife, pallor-stricken
At the cares that round her thicken—
Comes the boy whose brow is wrinkled,
Ere his chin is clothed in down—
And the foolish pleasure-seekers,
Nightly thinking
They are drinking
Life and joy from poisoned beakers,
Shudder at their midnight madness,
And the raving revel scorn:
All are treading
To the wedding
In the freshness of the morn,
And feel, perchance too late, the bliss of being born.

6.

And the Student leaves his poring,
And his venturous exploring

In the gold and gem-enfolding
Waters of the ancient lore—
Seeking in its buried treasures,
Means for life's most common pleasures;
Neither vicious nor ambitious—
Simple wants and simple wishes.
Ah! he finds the ancient learning
But the Spartan's iron ore;
Without value in an era
Far more golden
Than the olden—
When the beautiful chimera—
Love—hath almost wholly faded
Even from the dreams of men.
From his prison
Newly risen—
From his book-enchanted den—
The stronger magic of the morning drives him forth again.

7.

And the Artist, too—the Gifted—
He whose soul is heavenward lifted—
Till it drinketh inspiration
At the fountain of the skies;
He, within whose fond embraces
Start to life the marble Graces;
Or, with godlike power presiding,
With the potent pencil gliding,
O'er the void chaotic canvass
Bids the fair creations rise!
And the quickened mass obeying
Heaves its mountains;
From its fountains
Sends the gentle streams a-straying
Through the vales, like Love's first feelings
Stealing o'er a maiden's heart;
The Creator—
Imitator—

From his easel forth doth start,
And from God's glorious Nature learns anew his
Art!

8.

But who is this with tresses flowing,
Flashing eyes and forehead glowing,
From whose lips the thunder-music
Pealeth o'er the listening lands?
'Tis the first and last of preachers—
First and last of priestly teachers;
First and last of those appointed
In the ranks of the anointed;
With their songs like swords to sever
Tyranny and Falsehood's bands!
'Tis the Poet—sum and total
Of the others,
With his brothers,
In his rich robes sacerdotal,
Singing from his golden psalter.

Comes he now to wed the twain—
Truth and Beauty—
Rest and Duty—
Hope, and Fear, and Joy, and Pain,
Unite for weal or woe beneath the Poet's chain!

9.

And the shapes that follow after,
Some in tears and some in laughter,
Are they not the fairy phantoms
In his glorious visions seen?
Nymphs from shady forests wending,
Goddesses from heaven descending;
Three of Jove's divinest daughters,
Nine from Aganippe's waters;
And the passion-immolated,
Too fond-hearted Tyrian Queen,
Various shapes of one idea,
Memory-haunting,
Heart-enchanting,
Cythna, Genevieve, and Nea[4];
Rosalind and all her sisters,

Born by Avon's sacred stream,
All the blooming
Shapes, illuming
"The Eternal Pilgrim's"(6) dream,
Follow the Poet's steps beneath the morning's beam.

10.

But the Bride—the Bride is coming!
Birds are singing, bees are humming;
Silent lakes amid the mountains
Look, but cannot speak, their mirth;
Streams go bounding in their gladness
With a Bacchanalian madness;
Trees bow down their heads in wonder,
Clouds of purple part asunder,
As the Maiden of the Morning
Leads the blushing Bride to Earth!
Bright as are the planets seven—
With her glances
She advances
For her azure eyes are heaven!

And her robes are sunbeams woven,
And her beauteous bridesmaids are
Hopes and Wishes—
Dreams delicious—
Joys from some serener star,
And heavenly-hued Illusions gleaming from afar!

11.

Now the mystic rite is over—
Blessings on the loved and lover!
Strike the tabours, clash the cymbals,
Let the notes of joy resound!
With the rosy apple blossom,
Blushing like a maiden's bosom;
With the cream-white clusters pearly
Of the pear-tree budding early;
With all treasures from the meadows
Strew the consecrated ground;
Let the guests with vows fraternal
Pledge each other,
Sister, brother,
With the wine of Hope—the vernal

Vine-juice of Man's better nature—
Vintage of Man's trustful heart.
Perseverance
And Forbearance,
Love and Labour, Song and Art,—
Be this the cheerful creed wherewith the world may start.

12.

But whither have the twain departed?
The United—the One-hearted—
Whither from the bridal banquet
Have the Bride and Bridegroom flown?
Ah! their steps have led them quickly
Where the young leaves cluster thickly;
Blossomed boughs rain fragrance o'er them,
Greener grows the grass before them,
As they wander through the island,
Fond, delighted, and alone!
At their coming streams grow brighter,
Skies grow clearer,
Mountains nearer,

And the blue waves dancing lighter
From the far-off mighty ocean
Frolic on the glistening sand,
Jubilations—
Gratulations—
Breathe around, as, hand in hand,
They roam by Sutton's sea-washed shore, or soft
Shangánagh's strand.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE SPIRIT OF THE IDEAL.

1.

Sweet Sister Spirits, ye whose starlight tresses
Stream on the night-winds as ye float along,
Missioned with hope to man—and with caresses

2.

To slumbering babes—refreshment to the strong—
And grace the sensuous soul that it's arrayed in:
As the light burden of melodious song

3.

Weighs down a Poet's words;—as an o'erladen
Lily doth bend beneath its own pure snow;—
Or with its joy, the free heart of a maiden:—

4.

Thus, I behold your outstretched pinions grow
Heavy with all the priceless gifts and graces
God through thy ministration doth bestow.

5.

Do ye not plant the rose on youthful faces?
And rob the heavens of stars for Beauty's eyes?
Do ye not fold within love's pure embraces

6.

All that Omnipotence doth yet devise
For human bliss, or rapture superhuman—
Heaven upon earth, and earth still in the skies?

7.

Do ye not sow the fruitful heart of woman
With tenderest charities, and faith sincere,
To feed man's sterile soul, and to illumine

8.

His duller eyes, that else might settle here,
With the bright promise of a purer region—
A starlight beacon to a starry sphere?

9.

Are they not all thy children, that bright legion—
Of aspirations, and all hopeful sighs
That in the solemn train of grave Religion

10.

Strew heavenly flowers before man's longing eyes,
And make him feel, as o'er life's sea he wendeth,
The far-off odorous airs of Paradise?—

11.

Like to the breeze some flowery island sendeth
Unto the seaman, ere its bowers are seen,
Which tells him soon his weary wandering endeth—

12.

Soon shall he rest, in bosky shades of green,
By daisied meadows prankt with dewy flowers,
With ever-running rivulets between.

13.

These are thy tasks, my sisters,—these the powers
God in his goodness gives into thy hands:—
'Tis from thy fingers fall the diamond showers

14.

Of budding Spring, and o'er the expectant lands
June's odorous purple and rich Autumn's gold:
And even when needful Winter wide expands

15.

His fallow wings, and winds blow sharp and cold
From the harsh east, 'tis thine, o'er all the plain,
The leafless woodlands and the unsheltered wold,

16.

Gently to drop the flakes of feathery rain—
Heaven's warmest down—around the slumbering seeds,
And o'er the roots the frost-blanched counterpane.

17.

What though man's careless eye but little heeds
Even the effects, much less the remoter cause,
Still, in the doing of beneficent deeds—

18.

By God and his Vicegerent Nature's laws—
Ever a compensating joy is found.
Think ye the rain-drop heedeth if it draws

19.

Rankness as well as Beauty from the ground?
Or that the sullen wind will deign to wake
Only Æolian melodies of sound—

20.

And not the stormy screams that make men quake
Thus do ye act, my sisters; thus ye *do*
Your cheerful duty for the doing's sake—

21.

Not unrewarded surely—not when you
See the successful issue of your charms,
Bringing the absent back again to view—

22.

Giving the loved one to the lover's arms—
Smoothing the grassy couch for weary age—
Hushing in death's great calm a world's alarms.

23.

I, I alone upon the earth's vast stage
Am doomed to act an unrequited part—
I, the unseen preceptress of the sage—

24.

I, whose ideal form doth win the heart
Of all whom God's vocation hath assigned
To wear the sacred vesture of high Art—

25.

To pass along the electric sparks of mind
From age to age, from race to race, until
The expanding truth encircles all mankind.

26.

What without me were all the Poet's skill?—
Dead sensuous form without the quickening soul.
What without me the instinctive aim of will?—

27.

A useless magnet pointing to no pole.
What the fine ear and the creative hand?
Most potent Spirits free from Man's control.

28.

I, THE IDEAL, by the Poet stand
When all his soul o'erflows with holy fire,
When currents of the beautiful and grand

29.

Run glittering down along each burning wire,
Until the heart of the great world doth feel
The electric shock of his God-kindled lyre:—

30.

Then rolls the thunderous music peal on peal,
Or in the breathless after-pause, a strain
Simpler and sweeter through the hush doth steal—

31.

Like to the pattering drops of summer rain
On rustling grass, when fragrance fills the air,
And all the groves are vocal once again:

32.

Whatever form, whatever shape I bear,
The Spirit of high Impulse, and the Soul
Of all conceptions beautiful and rare,

33.

Am I; who now swift spurning all control,
On rapid wings—the Ariel of the Muse—
Dart from the dazzling centre to the pole;

34.

Now in the magic mimicry of hues
Such as surround God's golden throne, descend
In Titian's skies the boundaries to confuse

35.

Betwixt Earth's Heaven and Heaven's own Heaven—
to blend
In Raphael's forms the human and divine,
Where spirit dawns, and matter seems to end.

36.

Again on wings of melody, so fine
They mock the sight, but fall upon the ear
Like tuneful rose-leaves at the day's decline—

37.

And with the music of a happier sphere
Entrance some master of melodious sound,
Till startled men the hymns of angels hear.

38.

Happy for me when, in the vacant round
Of barren ages, one great steadfast soul
Faithful to me and to his art is found.

39.

But ah! my sisters, with my grief condole;
Join in my sorrows and respond my sighs;
And let your sobs the funeral dirges toll;

40.

Weep those who falter in the great emprise—
Who, turning off upon some poor pretence,
Some worthless guerdon or some paltry prize,

41.

Down from the airy zenith through the immense
Sink to the low expedients of an hour,
And barter soul for all the slough of sense,—

42.

Just when the mind had reached its regal power,
And fancy's wing its perfect plumes unfurl'd,—
Just when the bud of promise, in the flower

43.

Of all completeness opened on the world—
When the pure fire that Heaven itself outflung
Back to its native empyrean curled,

44.

Like vocal incense from a censer swung:—
Ah me! to be subdued when all seemed won—
That I should fly when I would fain have clung.

45.

Yet so it is,—our radiant course is run;—
Here we must part, the deathless lay unsung,
And, more than all, the deathless deed undone.

1851.

RECOLLECTIONS.

I.

1.

Ah! Summer time, sweet Summer scene,
When all the golden days,
Linked hand in hand, like moonlit fays,
Danced o'er the deepening green.

2.

When, from the top of Pelier(7) down
We saw the sun descend,
With smiles that blessings seemed to send
To our near native town.

3.

And when we saw him rise again
High o'er the hills at morn—
God's glorious prophet daily born
To preach good-will to men—

4.

Good-will and peace to all between
The gates of night and day—
Join with me, love, and with me say—
Sweet Summer time and scene.

II.

1.

Sweet Summer time, true age of gold,
When hand in hand we went
Slow by the quickening shrubs, intent
To see the buds unfold :

2.

To trace new-wild flowers in the grass,
New blossoms on the bough,
And see the water-lilies now
Rise o'er their liquid glass.

3.

When from the fond and folding gale
The scented brier I pulled,
Or for thy kindred bosom culled
The lily of the vale;—

4.

Thou without whom were dark the green,
The golden turned to gray,
Join with me, love, and with me say—
Sweet Summer time and scene.

III.

1.

Sweet Summer time, delight's brief reign,
Thou hast one memory still,
Dearer than ever tree or hill
Yet stretched along life's plain.

2.

Stranger than all the wond'rous whole,
Flowers, fields, and sunset skies—
To see within our infant's eyes
The awakening of the soul.

3.

To see their dear bright depths first stirred
By the far breath of thought,
To feel our trembling hearts o'erfraught
With rapture when we heard

4.

Her first clear laugh, which might have been
A cherub's laugh at play—
Ah! love, thou *canst* but join and say—
Sweet Summer time and scene.

IV.

1.

Sweet summer time, sweet summer days,
One day I must recall;
One day, the brightest of them all,
Must mark with special praise.

2.

'Twas when at length in genial showers
The Spring attained its close;
And June with many a myriad rose
Incarnadined the bowers:

3.

Led by the bright and sun-warm air,
We left our indoor nooks;
Thou with my papers and my books,
And I thy garden-chair;

4.

Crossed the broad, level garden walks,
With countless roses lined;
And where the apple still inclined
Its blossoms o'er the box,

5.

Near to the lilacs round the pond,
In its stone ring hard by,
We took our seats, where, save the sky,
And the few forest trees beyond

6.

The garden wall, we nothing saw,
But flowers and blossoms, and we heard
Nought but the whirring of some bird,
Or the rooks' distant, clamorous caw.

7.

And in the shade we saw the face
Of our dear Mary sleeping near,
And thou wert by to smile and hear,
And speak with innate truth and grace.

8.

There through the pleasant noontide hours
My task of echoed song I sung;
Turning the golden southern tongue
Into the iron ore of ours!

9.

'Twas the great Spanish master's pride,
The story of the hero proved;
'Twas how the Moorish princess loved,
And how the firm Fernando died(8).

10.

O happiest season ever seen,
O day, indeed the happiest day;
Join with me, love, and with me say—
Sweet Summer time and scene.

V.

1.

One picture more before I close
Fond Memory's fast dissolving views;
One picture more before I lose
The radiant outlines as they rose.

2.

'Tis evening, and we leave the porch,
And for the hundredth time admire
The rhododendron's cones of fire
Rise round the tree, like torch o'er torch.

3.

And for the hundredth time point out
Each favourite blossom and perfume—
If the white lilac still doth bloom,
Or the pink hawthorn fadeth out:

4.

And by the laurell'd wall, and o'er
The fields of young green corn we've gone;
And by the outer gate, and on
To our dear friend's oft-trodden door.

5.

And there in cheerful talk we stay,
Till deepening twilight warns us home;
Then once again we backward roam
Calmly and slow the well-known way—

6.

And linger for the expected view—
Day's dying gleam upon the hill;
Or listen for the whip-poor-will(9),
Or the too seldom shy cuckoo.

7.

At home the historic page we glean,
And muse, and hope, and praise, and pray—
Join with me, love, as then, and say—
Sweet Summer time and scene!

1850.

MOORE.

AN ELEGIAC ODE.

"He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he."—ADONAIS.

1.

AH! vainly, vainly to my heart is calling
The poet's playmate of the year—the Spring.
Vainly it comes—a bright-eyed, glad-faced boy,
With pulses throbbing joy;
With eyes that twinkle, and with feet that bound
Along the grassy ground,
As if each flying foot were sandalled with a wing;
Vainly it comes to tempt me forth to play,
And spend the poet's holiday—
The vernal season of sweet recreation,
The heart's too brief vacation

Amid the task-works of the toiling year;—
For now the daisy's pearly disks appear
To light the early meadow's emerald sky;
Each a little silver sun is seen
Amid its circling heaven of green;
While round about in due gradation,
Through mystic gravitation,
The minor fragrant orbs concentric lie.

2.

Ah! vainly, vainly on my ear is falling
The old, but ever new, sweet melodies
Sung by the feathered syrens of the trees,
That lured my steps so oft,
On spring-tide silvery morning soft,
From the broad highway, or the glaring green,
To where a flickering sheen
Of dark and bright mosaic lights the lea
Beneath the fresh-green copse—
What time, in tiny flakes, soft eddying, drops
The fragrant snow-shower from the hawthorn tree.

Vainly the glad birds twitter now
Upon each conscious bough—
Upon each conscious bough that shares their glee,
And with exulting ecstacy
Trembles through every fibrous vein,
And seems to feel the magic of the strain,
And sinks and soars, and soars and sinks again!

3.

Not that my heart is dead or cold
To the most common sight, the most familiar sound
Of natural beauty or impulsive joy.
Ah! no, thank Heaven! not so;
At heart the poet ever is a boy,
Howe'er the years go round:
For though his pallid brow may grow
Furrowed and worn, and with thin silver hair,
As with a fading cirrus cloud, be hung,
His heart is ever young—

Perpetual youth is there.
It is not that the earth has grown less fair,
This last of all the Springs it yet hath known,
That I behold it not with my accustomed gladness;—
Ah! no, not over *it*, but o'er my heart is thrown
A funeral pall of sadness—
A filmy veil of sorrow is outspread
Before my eyes, as by a mourner's hand,
For the poet of my people, for the minstrel of my land,
Who is dead!

4.

Dead! ah, no—he has returned to life.
In living death for three blank years he lay,
And now comes forth from the protracted strife,
A conqueror to-day.
To him the common foe no terror brought,
Nor the heart's tremor, nor the gasping breath;

For, like his own Mokanna's veil,
A trebly-folded woof of blank unthought
Concealed the horrid front of Death—
The ghastly visage pale!
Thrice had the fair magician of the year,
Her potent wand applying,
Saved the wintry world from dying;
And in the wondrous renovation,
Recalled the freshness and the jubilation
Of the world's primal day:
So that the stars of heaven again prepared to sing
Their songs of gratulation.
He heeded not, or turned away:
Unmarked the budding wonders of the Spring—
The floral magic of the May;
And when the happy birds in every grove
Sang hymns to LOVE,
From the green temple of each stately tree—
To LOVE, whose highest poet-priest was he;
Alas! 'twas all in vain;
He heeded not the fond adoring strain—

Its music was unheard.
Its magic and its meaning both had flown
Its shrill, sweet echoing chirrup which the grove
prolongs.
Ah! me, what wonder, when his own sweet
songs,
The sweetest ever sang by bard or bird,
Were to himself unknown!

5.

But let us linger not, my soul, beside
The poet's bier or his neglected grave;.
Nor burn to think of those to whom he gave
A portion of his own immortal fame,
Who when the last sad moment came—
The hour that claimed the funeral rite august,
For the poor portion of him that had died—
Sullenly shunned the poet's sacred dust,
Heedless of what was due to generous lays,
And all the friendly fire of former days.
The hour may come when on his mother's breast
The darling child of song may take his rest;

Then shall the tribute of unnumbered eyes,
Then shall the throbbing of unnumbered hearts,
And all the tender cares that love imparts—
Fond flattering praises, passion-breathing sighs,
Grateful regrets, and hopeful prayers arise—
Then shall the harp which he had woke so oft
To breathe the varied lay—
Mirthful, melodious, melancholy, gay,
Softly severe, and masculine, though soft—
Firm, and yet fond, through every phase of form—
And sunny satire, wounding but to warm—
And fine-edged wit, keen-cutting but to cure—
Then shall the harp's elegiac music float,
As if it kept its sad prevailing note
Prolonged through ages for the keen* of MOORE!

1852.

* Properly *Caoine*, the funeral wail for the dead.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF FREDERICK RICHARD, EARL OF BELFAST.

BORN 25TH NOVEMBER, 1827; DIED AT NAPLES, FEB. 11, 1853, IN HIS 26TH YEAR.

TO THE MARCHIONESS OF DONEGAL.

Lady, the heart-won glory of thy son
Turns his sad loss to such atoning gain,
Making swift Death's malicious stroke as vain
As the spent bullet when the victory's won,
That I would wish this lyric feat undone,—
These lines unwrit, or in a prouder strain,
Such as befit a glorious young man slain
In a career that heroes only run:
Yet deign to take them—be their faults forgiven,
O Lady, for the sake of him they mourn.
They should be joyful for the great boon given
To thee, to us, and to this land forlorn—
To thee to have thy angel youth in heaven—
To us, to boast his patriot pride unworn.

TO THE MARQUIS OF DONEGAL.

Easy it is to say, Be thou resigned,
O father, to the mightier Father's will,
To bear the blow that at one stroke doth kill
Thy Son, thy Friend, thy Brother, all combined
In one dear centre: Easy to the blind
It is to bear from the quick-shaded rill
The absent sun that sets behind the hill,—
That sun which late its morning beams entwined
With those warm waves that now must darkened roll
To the great deep: But yet take this to heart,
The sun that leaves *thee* dark, from pole to pole,
Flashes its light and heat: If sad thou art,
The world is gladder by one glorious soul
By Death and Love made consecrate to Art.

ODE.

Swifter far than summer's flight,
Swifter far than youth's delight,
Swifter far than happy night,
Art thou come and gone.

SHELLEY.

PROEM.

MAIDENS of Italy,
Napoli's daughters,
Send the sad requiem
Over the waters;—
Over the waters,
Solemnly, slowly,
Sing the sad requiem,
Mournfully, lowly;—
Sing the sad requiem,
Chant the low ditty,
Maids of the golden-shored
Heaven-cinctured city,

Ye who beheld him last,
Fair with life's youthfulness,
Heart-warm with nobleness,
Soul-proud with truthfulness,
Stricken down instantly,
Wrapped in death's gloominess—
While 'neath his window rose
Living and luminous
Azure-hued golden waves
    Parthenopean,
Up to the Lord of Life
Singing their pean.
Borrow their musical
Murmur, ye maidens,
Weak words of elegy
Borrow their cadence.
Wail him beside the blue
Lazulite waters,
Maidens of Italy,
Napoli's daughters.

SONG OF ITALIAN MAIDENS.

1.

Sisters, kneel beside this bier,
Breathe the prayer, and shed the tear—
Young Marcellus sleepeth here.

2.

Young Marcellus sleeping lies,
With his slumber-sealéd eyes
Waiting God's great sun to rise—

3.

Waiting to re-ope once more
On a sweeter summer shore
By the eternal water's roar.

4.

Scatter round about his bed
Violets, ere their scent has fled,—
Winter roses white and red.

5.

Lay upon his gentle breast
All the flowers that he loved best—
Pansies be the mournfullest.

6.

Though this bed has grown a bier,
Scatter snowdrops, scatter here
All the promise of the year:—

7.

Being born to bloom and die
They perchance may typify
Him who here doth sleeping lie:

8.

Since we love those flowers the best
That are plucked the earliest—
As it were for God's own breast:

9.

Love them better far than those
The maturer months disclose—
Flaunting tulip, gaudy rose:

10.

Love them for the proof they give
That the world's great heart doth live,—
They the while so fugitive.

11.

Such was he who lieth here,
With his leaves all drooping sere
In the spring-time of his year.

12.

Here he came a wanderer,
From the Northern Isles that are
Watchéd by the western star.

13.

Here he came, to feast his eyes
On an earthly heaven, with skies
Borrowed still from Paradise:

14.

Came with rapture to behold
Purple isles and seas of gold,
And the dread Volcano old:

15.

Came with wonder to survey
All the magic of the Bay,
And the towns restored to-day—

16.

Or to pluck the flowers that bloom
By the Mantuan Poet's tomb
O'er the grotto's arch of gloom;—

17.

Or along Sorrento's shore,
Tasso's birth-place, to think o'er
All his tears for Leonore;—

18.

Or to see the sun decline
To his Ischian bath of wine
'Mid the hush'd sea hyaline;—

19.

Or, perchance, still more to hear
Music—to his soul so dear,
Singing in her native sphere:

20.

Music that appears to be
But the air of Italy,
Voicéd by her sky and sea.

21.

All these projects, howsoe'er
Hopeful, healthful, wise or fair,
Swallowed in this blank despair.

22.

He, the gentle, wise, and good,
Manhood's loftiest aims pursued
With a heart of maidenhood.

23.

Of a proud ancestral name,
Still it was his boast to claim
The sweet bard's reflected fame:

24.

The sweet bard, whose magic lays
Could upon his shield emblaze
Its most precious heraldries[10]:

25.

Showing nobly thus how yet
Genius can its diamond set
In the proudest coronet.

26.

Oh! his heart was pure as snow,
Firm when winter winds might blow,
Melting in affection's glow:

27.

Firm and fond with filial love
To one gentle heart, above
All the world; though manhood strove

28.

With its feverish energy
To supplant it, still did he
Love that fair maternity:

29.

Love her with the same sweet zest
Here, where he lay down to rest
As of old upon her breast:

30.

Leaving her in days to come
A sweet memory to illume
Her half-orphan'd twilight gloom.

31.

Not in pleasure's fairy bowers,
Dallying with the deadly flowers,
Passed with him the flying hours;—

32.

No, he raised his voice to call
Mightiest minds around the wall
Of the workman's wonder-hall;—

33.

Raised his voice, and plied his pen,
To enlarge the mental ken
Of "his humbler fellow-men"([11]):

34.

Or a soothing charm would find
In his generous praise refined
For some shy, secluded mind.

35.

His the homage of the heart
Dearer to a child of art
Far than fame's more prizéd part.

36.

But the bright career is o'er,
Ah! that heart can beat no more—
Wail him, Erin, on thy shore.

37.

Wail him, thou, his native land,
On thy lone lamenting strand,
Bow the head, and wring the hand.

38.

Wail him, thou, that to thy cost,
Many a hopeful son hast lost,
Soonest those who loved thee most.

39.

Wail the taste, the toil severe,
The rich harvest of each year,—
All extinguished on this bier.

40.

Ah! not all,—dear shade forgive
Such despair! they yet shall live
In the example that they give;—

41.

Live amid the glow they wake
In new hearts, for her dear sake,
Her, whose own sad heart might break,

42.

If, like his, some generous soul
Forced by love beyond control,
Did not with her griefs condole,—

43.

Proud to be her child, although
Still she totters to and fro
'Neath her lightened load of woe—

44.

Proud to wear upon his breast,
Proud to blazon on his crest
The poor Shamrock of the West.

45.

If the night has passed away,

As we're told, and rosy day

Paints the East with prophet-ray—

46.

Let the beam that puts to flight

The long dark, bring forth to light

Those who watched her through the night:

47.

Those whose heart she could engage

In some studious hermitage,

As upon a busier stage.

48.

And among the best and last

Let its lingering light be cast

Round thy dearest name—BELFAST(12).*

1855.

* See Note.

DOLORES.

1.

The moon of my soul is dark, Dolores,
Dead and dark in my breast it lies,
For I miss the heaven of thy smile, Dolores,
And the light of thy brown bright eyes.

2.

The rose of my heart is gone, Dolores,
Bud or blossom, in vain I seek;
For I miss the breath of thy lip, Dolores,
And the blush of thy pearl-pale cheek.

3.

The pulse of my heart is still, Dolores—
Still and chill is its glowing tide;
For I miss the beating of thine, Dolores,
In the vacant space by my side.

4.

But the moon shall revisit my soul, Dolores,
And the rose shall refresh my heart,
When I meet thee again in heaven, Dolores,
Never again to part.

1852.

ECLIPSE!

The moon has fallen from out my sky,
Fallen at the full, and all is dark,
The stars are away, and the light of day
Glimmers afar, like a feeble spark!—
O God! will it ever break?
Will its gladsome glory beam?
And my trembling heart awake
From this terrible night-mare dream?

1852.

TRUTH IN SONG.

1.

I CANNOT sing, I cannot write
To show that I can write and sing—
I cannot for a cause so slight
Command my Ariel's dainty wing:—
Not for the dreams of cultured youth,
Nor praises of the lettered throng,
Ah! no, I string the pearls of song
But only on the chords of truth:—

2.

And when the precious pearls are strung,
What are their value, but to deck
Some kindred forehead, or be hung
Around the whiteness of some neck?—
Some neck? *some* forehead?—ah! but *one*
Would win or haply wear the chain,
And now the fragments of the strain
Lie broken round me—SHE is gone!

3.

Gone from my home some weary hours,
But never, never from my heart—
Gone—like the memory of the showers
To flowers long-drooping, Love, thou art:—
O truest friend—O best of wives—
Come soon! my world, my queen, my crown,
Then shall the pearls run ringing down
The love-twined chords of both our lives.

1852.

LOST AND FOUND.

1.

"Whither art thou gone, fair Una?—
Una fair, the moon is gleaming;
Fear no mortal eye, fair Una,
For the very flowers are dreaming,
And the twinkling stars are closing
Up their weary-watching glances—
Warders on Heaven's walls reposing,
While the glittering foe advances.

2.

" Una, dear, my heart is throbbing,
Full of throbbings without number;
Come! the tired out streams are sobbing
Like to children ere they slumber;
And the longing trees, inclining,
Seek the earth's too distant bosom;
Sad fate! that keeps from intertwining
The earthly and the aerial blossom.

3.

" Una, dear, I've roamed the mountain,
Round the furze and o'er the heather;
Una, dear, I've sought the fountain
Where we rested oft together,
Ah! the mountain now looks dreary,
Dead, and dark, where no life liveth;
Ah! the fountain, to the weary,
Now, no more refreshment giveth.

4.

"Una, darling, dearest daughter,
Beauty ever gave to Fancy—
Spirit of the silver water,
Nymph of Nature's necromancy!—
Fair enchantress, fond magician,
Is thine every spell-word spoken?
Hast thou closed thy fairy mission?
Is thy potent wand then broken?

5.

"Una, dearest, deign to hear me,
Fly no more my prayer resisting!"—
Then a trembling voice came near me,
Like a maiden to the trysting—
Like a maiden's feet approaching
Where the lover doth attend her;
Half forgiving, half reproaching,
Came that voice, so shy and tender.

6.

"Must I blame thee, must I chide thee,
Change to scorn the love I bore thee?
And the fondest heart beside thee,
And the truest eyes before thee.
And the kindest hands to press thee,
And the instinctive sense to guide thee,
And the purest lips to bless thee,
What, O dreamer! is denied thee?

7.

"Hast thou not the full fruition—
Hast thou not the full enjoyance,
Of thy young heart's fond ambition,
Free from every feared annoyance?
Thou hast sighed for truth and beauty—
Hast thou failed then in thy wooing?
Dreamed of some ideal duty—
Is there nought that waits thy doing?

8.

"Is the world less bright or beauteous,
That dear eyes behold it *with* thee?
Is the work of life less duteous,
That thou art helped to do it, prithee?
Is the near rapture non-existent,
Because thou dreamest an ideal?
And canst thou for a glimmering distant
Forget the blessings of the real?

9.

"Down on thy knees, O, doubting dreamer!
Down! and repent thy heart's misprision;"
Scarce had I knelt in tears and tremor,
When the scales fell from off my vision:
There stood my human guardian angel,
Given me by God's benign foreseeing,
While from her lips came life's evangel,
"Live! that each day complete thy being!"

1852.

HOME SICKNESS.

TO THE BAY OF DUBLIN.

1.

My native Bay, for many a year
I've loved thee with a trembling fear,
Lest thou, though dear and very dear,
And beauteous as a vision,
Shouldst have some rival far away—
Some matchless wonder of a bay—
Whose sparkling waters ever play
'Neath azure skies elysian.

2.

'Tis Love, methought, blind Love that pours
The rippling magic round these shores—
For whatsoever Love adores
Becomes what Love desireth:
'Tis ignorance of aught beside
That throws enchantment o'er the tide
And makes my heart respond with pride
To what mine eye admireth.

3.

And thus, unto our mutual loss,
Whene'er I paced the sloping moss
Of green Killiney, or across
The intervening waters—
Up Howth's brown sides my feet would wend,
To see thy sinuous bosom bend,
Or view thine outstretch'd arms extend
To clasp thine islet daughters;

4.

Then would this spectre of my fear
Beside me stand—How calm and clear
Slept underneath, the green waves, near
The tide-worn rocks' recesses;
Or when they woke, and leapt from land,
Like startled sea-nymphs, hand in hand
Seeking the southern silver strand
With floating emerald tresses:

5.

It lay o'er all, a moral mist,
Even on the hills, when evening kissed
The granite peaks to amethyst,
I felt its fatal shadow:
It darkened o'er the brightest rills,
It lowered upon the sunniest hills,
And hid the wingéd song that fills
The moorland and the meadow.

6.

But now that I have been to view
All even Nature's self can do,
And from Gaeta's arch of blue
Borne many a fond memento;
And from each fair and famous scene,
Where Beauty is, and Power hath been,
Along the golden shores between
Misenum and Sorrento:

7.

I can look proudly in thy face,
Fair daughter of a hardier race,
And feel thy winning, well-known grace,
Without my old misgiving;
And as I kneel upon thy strand,
And kiss thy once unvalued hand,
Proclaim earth holds no lovelier land,
Where life is worth the living.

1853.

YOUTH AND AGE.

1.

To give the blossom and the fruit
The soft warm air that wraps them round,
Oh! think how long the toilsome root
Must live and labour 'neath the ground.

2.

To send the river on its way,
With ever deepening strength and force,
Oh! think how long 'twas let to play,
A happy streamlet, near its source.

TO JUNE.

WRITTEN AFTER AN UNGENIAL MAY.

1.

I'll heed no more the Poet's lay—
His false-fond song shall charm no more—
My heart henceforth shall but adore
The real, not the misnamed May.

2.

Too long I've knelt, and vainly hung
My offerings round an empty name;
O May! thou canst not be the same
As once thou wert when Earth was young.

3.

Thou canst not be the same to day—
The Poet's dream—the Lover's joy:—
The floral heaven of girl and boy
Were heaven no more, if thou wert May.

4.

If thou wert May, then May is cold,
And oh! how changed from what she has been—
Then barren boughs are bright with green,
And leaden skies are glad with gold.

5.

And the dark clouds that veiled thy moon
Were silvery-threaded tissues bright,
Looping the locks of amber light
That float but on the airs of June.

6.

O June! thou art the real May;
Thy name is soft and sweet as hers,
But a rich blood thy bosom stirs,
Her marble cheek cannot display.

7.

She cometh like a haughty girl,
So conscious of her beauty's power,
She now will wear nor gem nor flower
Upon her pallid breast of pearl.

8.

And her green silken summer dress,
So simply flower'd in white and gold,
She scorns to let our eyes behold,
But hides through very wilfulness.

9.

Hides it 'neath ermined robes, which she
Hath borrowed from some wintry queen,
Instead of dancing on the green—
A village maiden fair and free.

10.

Oh! we have spoiled her with our praise,
And made her froward, false, and vain;
So that her cold blue eyes disdain
To smile as in the earlier days.

11.

Let her beware,—the world full soon
Like me shall tearless turn away,
And woo, instead of thine, O May!
The brown, bright, joyous eyes of June.

12.

O June! forgive the long delay,
My heart's deceptive dream is o'er—
Where I believe I *will* adore,
Nor worship June, yet kneel to May.

1855.

SUNNY DAYS IN WINTER.

1.

Summer is a glorious season
Warm, and bright, and pleasant;
But the Past is not a reason
To despise the Present.
So while health can climb the mountain,
And the log lights up the hall,
There are sunny days in Winter, after all!

2.

Spring, no doubt, hath faded from us,
Maiden-like in charms;
Summer, too, with all her promise,
Perished in our arms.

But the memory of the vanished,
Whom our hearts recall,
Maketh sunny days in Winter, after all!

3.

True, there's scarce a flower that bloometh,
All the best are dead;
But the wall-flower still perfumeth
Yonder garden-bed.
And the árbutus pearl-blossom'd
Hangs its coral ball—
There *are* sunny days in Winter, after all!

4.

Summer trees are pretty,—very,
And I love them well;
But, this holly's glistening berry,
None of those excel.
While the fir can warm the landscape,
And the ivy clothes the wall,
There are sunny days in Winter, after all!

5.

Sunny-hours in every season
Wait the innocent—
Those who taste with love and reason
What their God hath sent.
Those who neither soar too highly,
Nor too lowly fall,
Feel the sunny days of Winter, after all!

6.

Then, although our darling treasures
Vanish from the heart;
Then, although our once-loved pleasures
One by one depart;
Though the tomb looms in the distance,
And the mourning pall,
There is sunshine, and *no* Winter, after all!

1850.

THE BIRTH OF THE SPRING.

1.

O Kathleen, my darling, I've dreamt such a dream,
'Tis as hopeful and bright as the Summer's first beam:
I dreamt that the World, like yourself, darling dear,
Had presented a son to the happy New Year!
Like yourself, too, the poor mother suffered awhile,
But like thine was the joy, at her baby's first smile,
When the tender nurse, Nature, quick hastened to fling
Her sun-mantle round, as she fondled The Spring.

2.

O Kathleen, 'twas strange how the elements all,
With their friendly regards, condescended to call:
The rough rains of Winter like summer-dews fell,
And the North-wind said, zephyr-like—"Is the World well?"
And the streams ran quick-sparkling to tell o'er the Earth
God's goodness to man in this mystical birth;
For a Son of this World, and an heir to the King
Who rules over man, is this beautiful Spring!

3.

O Kathleen, methought, when the bright babe was born,
More lovely than morning appeared the bright morn;
The birds sang more sweetly, the grass greener grew,
And with buds and with blossoms the old trees looked new;

And methought when the Priest of the Universe came—
The Sun—in his vestments of glory and flame,
He was seen, the warm rain-drops of April to fling
On the brow of the babe, and baptize him The Spring!

4.

O Kathleen, dear Kathleen! what treasures are piled
In the mines of the Past for this wonderful Child!
The lore of the sages, the lays of the bards,
Like a primer, the eye of this infant regards;
All the dearly-bought knowledge that cost life and limb,
Without price, without peril, are offered to him;
And the blithe bee of Progress concealeth its sting,
As it offers its sweets to this beautiful Spring!

5.

O Kathleen, they tell us of wonderful things,
Of speed that surpasseth the fairy's fleet wings;

How the lands of the world in communion are
brought,
And the slow march of speech is as rapid as thought.
Think, think what an heir-loom the great world will
be,
With this wonderful wire 'neath the Earth and the
Sea;
When the snows and the sunshine together shall
bring
All the wealth of the world to the feet of the Spring.

6.

Oh! Kathleen, but think of the birth-gifts of love,
That THE MASTER who lives in the GREAT HOUSE
above
Prepares for the poor child that's born on His land—
Dear God! they're the sweet flowers that fall from
Thy hand,—
The crocus, the primrose, the violet given
Awhile, to make Earth the reflection of Heaven;

The brightness and lightness that round the world wing
Are Thine, and are ours too, through thee, happy Spring!

7.

O Kathleen, dear Kathleen! that dream is gone by,
And I wake once again, but, thank God! thou art by;
And the land that we love looks as bright in the beam,
Just as if my sweet dream was not all out a dream,
The spring-tide of Nature its blessing imparts—
Let the spring-tide of Hope send its pulse through our hearts;
Let us feel 'tis a mother, to whose breast we cling,
And a brother we hail, when we welcome the Spring.

1850.

ALL FOOLS' DAY.

1.

The Sun called a beautiful Beam, that was playing
At the door of his golden-wall'd palace on high;
And he bade him be off, without any delaying,
To a fast-fleeting Cloud on the verge of the sky:
"You will give him this letter," said roguish Apollo
(While a sly little twinkle contracted his eye),
"With my royal regards; and be sure that you follow
Whatsoever his *Highness* may send in reply."

2.

The Beam heard the order, but being no novice,
Took it coolly, of course—nor in this was he wrong—
But was forced (being a clerk in Apollo's post-office)
To declare (what a bounce!) that he wouldn't be long;
So he went home and dress'd—gave his beard an elision—
Put his scarlet coat on, nicely edged with gold lace;
And thus being equipped, with a postman's precision,
He prepared to set out on his nebulous race.

3.

Off he posted at last, but just outside the portals
He lit on Earth's high-soaring bird in the dark[13];
So he tarried a little, like many frail mortals,
Who, when sent on an errand, first *go on a lark;*

But he broke from the bird—reach'd the cloud in a minute—
Gave the letter and all, as Apollo ordained;
But the Sun's correspondent, on looking within it,
Found, "Send the fool farther," was all it contained.

4.

The Cloud, who was up to all *mystification*,
Quite a *humorist*, saw the intent of the Sun;
And was ever too *airy*—though lofty his station—
To spoil the least taste of the prospect of fun;
So he hemm'd, and he haw'd—took a roll of pure vapour,
Which the light from the beam made as bright as could be,
(Like a sheet of the whitest cream golden-edg'd paper),
And wrote a few words, superscribed, "To the Sea."

5.

"My dear Beam," or "dear Ray" ('twas thus coolly
he *hailed* him),
"Pray take down to Neptune this letter from me,
For the person you seek—though I lately *re-galed*
him—
Now tries a new airing, and dwells by the sea."
So our Mercury hastened away through the ether,
The bright face of Thetis to gladden and greet;
And he plunged in the water a few feet beneath
her,
Just to get a sly peep at her beautiful feet.

6.

To Neptune the letter was brought for inspection—
But the god, though a *deep one*, was still rather
green;
So he took a few moments of *steady reflection,*
Ere he wholly made out what the missive could
mean:

But the date (it was "April the first") came to save
it
From all fear of mistake; so he took pen in hand,
And, transcribing the cruel entreaty, he gave it
To our travelled-tired friend, and said, "Bring it
to Land."

7.

To Land went the Sunbeam, which scarcely received
it,
When it sent it, post-haste, back again to the Sea;
The Sea's hypocritical calmness deceived it,
And sent it once more to the Land on the lea;—
From the Land to the Lake—from the Lakes to the
Fountains—
From the Fountains and Streams to the Hills' azure
crest,
'Till, at last, a tall Peak on the top of the mountains,
Sent it back to the Cloud in the now golden west.

8.

He saw the whole trick, by the way he was greeted
By the Sun's laughing face, which all purple appears;
Then, amused, yet annoyed at the way he was treated,
He first laughed at the joke, and then burst into tears.
It is thus that this day of mistakes and surprises,
When fools write on foolscap, and wear it the while,
This gay saturnalia for ever arises
'Mid the shower and the sunshine, the tear and the smile.

1853.

JANUARY.

A FRAGMENT.

1.

In the Palace of the Sun,
Far away, far away,
In the golden-paven city
Of the Day, bright Day,
Whose dazzling turrets rise
O'er the blue walls of the skies
Like the peaks
Of the icy Himalay
When the ray
Of the rosy sunrise breaks
From the East.

2.

To a feast
In the Palace of the Sun
In the city of the Day
On this morn,
Twelve Pilgrims who were born
Each the brother of the other,
Of one father and one mother,
Take their way:—
But once in all the year
They are here,
In the palace of their sire,
In the banquet-hall of fire,
Round the board,
Like the twelve around the Lord
They appear:—

3.

The first is stern and old,
His hands are numb and cold,

The snowy beard is frozen on his chin,
And within
The blue channels of his veins
On his forehead and his face
You can trace,
You can feel
The dark and livid stains
Of the stagnant blood confined
And entwined,
Like wires of azure steel
Through an alabaster vase.

4.

On his breast lies frozen snow,
But below
You may know
The quick blood runs red and warm
Through his form.
For there the old man wears
The sweet symbol that appears
In the desolatest hour

That the winter-world doth know,
When a bud is seen to blow
In its lightness and its whiteness,
Its purity and brightness,
As if four flakes of snow
Were united in one flower.

1851.

TO MARY, FOURTEEN MONTHS OLD.

1.

Little darling daughter mine,
Wilt thou be my Valentine?
Wilt thou give to me a part
Of thy little fluttering heart?
Give thy laughter without words,
Musical as song of birds—
Give thy twinkling fingers' play
And thine every sportive way,

Give thy look of glad surprise,
And the witchery of thine eyes,
Give the bounding of thy feet,
And thy liberal kisses sweet—
Give thy nods and mute commands,
And the clapping of thy hands—
Give thy rapture and good-will,
When upon the window-sill
For the expected feast of crumbs
Every morn the redbreast comes—
Canst thou these to me resign?—
Wilt thou be my Valentine?—

II.

Darling, thy mother sends to thee
Blessings and love from her and me,
And as to years thy brief months glide,
Be, as thou art, our joy and pride;
Cheer the kind hearts that late were sad,
And with thy gladness make them glad;
Fill them with hope for many a year,
And wake the smile, and chase the tear;
As thou art now, be ever thus,
A boon from God, to them and us.

February 14, 1851.

SONNET.

Two golden links are added to the chain,
Dear Love, that binds our separate lives in one,
Two short-lived radiant children of the Sun,
Two years, brief years of mingled light and rain,
Have passed away, since thou and I begun
Our married life: and smiling Time, again,
Life's ductile ore with cheerful hand hath ta'en
To add one wonder more to what he hath done.
The Past, the Present,—Memories of the brain,
And the heart's living joys their bright course run;—
They have their links: and has the future none
Whereby to cling to 'mid its vast inane?
Fear not, dear Love, the fear were worse than vain,
Have we not two—a Daughter and a Son?

January, 1851.

SONNET,

WRITTEN IN THE BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED VOLUME, "CHRISTMAS WITH THE POETS."

HAPPY 'twill be upon some future day,
Some welcome winter day of frost and snow.
When with the cold the Sun's round face shall glow
Cheerful and ruddy as a boy's at play:—
If in some window-seat that o'er the Bay
Peeps calmly out, and o'er the rocks below—
Some modest oriel round whose casements grow
The pyracantha's crimson berries gay,—
If we behold our children's eyes display
Delighted wonder, and their glad looks show
How they would love with rapid feet to go
O'er each white field and pictured snow-fill'd way,
That in this book make Winter smile like May,
And Christmas gleam like Christmas long ago.

February, 1851.

DUTY.

As the hardy oat is growing,
  Howsoe'er the wind may blow;
As the untiréd stream is flowing,
  Whether shines the sun or no:—
Thus, though storm-winds rage about it,
  Should the strong plant, Duty, grow—
Thus, with beauty or without it,
  Should the stream of Being flow.

ORDER.

A WORD went forth upon Creation's day,
At which the void infinitude was filled
With life and light. Where horrid CHAOS reigned
In dark confusion, orbéd ORDER rose,
And with the silent majesty of strength
Took up the sceptre of a thousand worlds,
And ruled by right divine the radiant realms.
Where all was blank vacuity, or worse,
Monstrous Disorder—fair material Form
Rose wondering from the vacant wastes of Space;
And as each world beheld its sister world,
So calm, so beautiful, so full of light,
Walking in gladness through the halls of heaven,
Like a fair daughter in her father's house,—

Its heart yearned towards her, and its trembling feet
Turned in pursuit; and its great eager eyes
Followed her ever down the eternal day.
Round golden suns the silver planets roll'd,
Round silver planets circled moons of pearl,
Round pearly moons, the roses of the sky,
(Eve-crimsoned clouds) stood wondering, till their
cheeks
Grew pale with passion, and then dark with pain;
As sank the moons behind the unheeding hills!

1855.

NOTES.

NOTES.

(1) PAGE 31.

Above the lost Alastor's tomb.

SHELLEY, speaking of the place in Rome where he himself is buried, says:—"The cemetery is an open space among the ruins, covered in winter with violets and daisies. It might make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place."—*Preface to Adonais.*

(2) PAGE 32.

Or the twin-poet's; he who sings —
"A thing of beauty never dies."

Keats, who is also buried in the same (or rather the adjoining) cemetery. The allusion is to the well-known line with which Endymion commences—

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

(3) PAGE 74.

From rock to rock, through cloven scalp.

Scalp, a rocky cleft between mountains, such as "The Scalp," county of Wicklow.

(4) Page 112.

Cythna, Genevieve, and Nea.

See the poems of Shelley, Coleridge, and Moore.

(6) Page 113.

" *The Eternal Pilgrim's*" *dream.*

Byron. So called by Shelley in the Adonais.

(7) Page 129.

When, from the top of Pelier down
We saw the sun descend.

Mount Pelier, county of Dublin, overlooking Rathfarnham and, more remotely, Dundrum. To a brief residence near the latter village the " Recollections" recorded in this poem are to be referred.

(8) Page 135.

And how the firm Fernando died.

Calderon's " El Principe Constante," translated in the author's " Dramas of Calderon." 2 vols. London. 1853.

(9) Page 137.

Or listen for the whip-poor-will.

I do not know the bird to which I have given this Indian name. It, however, imitated its note quite distinctly.

(10) Page 154.

Could upon his shield emblaze
Its most precious heraldries.

"If there is one heir-loom I prize more than another," said Lord Belfast, "it is the dedication of the 'Irish Melodies' to an

ancestress of mine, and the beautiful letter on music which Moore addressed to the same Lady Donegal."—*Lectures on the Poets and Poetry of the Nineteenth Century.* By the Earl of Belfast. London: Longmans. 1852.

(11) PAGE 156.

To enlarge the mental ken
Of "his humbler fellow-men."

The latter words are quoted from the Earl of Belfast's Dedication of his Lectures to the Earl of Carlisle.

(12) PAGE 159.

Round thy dearest name—BELFAST.

THE rare virtues and accomplishments of this lamented young nobleman; his active exertions in promoting and encouraging a taste for literature and art, particularly in the town from which he derived his title; and his early death in a foreign land, awakened so many feelings of sorrow and respect for his memory, and of sympathy with those who in a nearer and dearer relation had lost him, that it was found impossible to avoid giving them expression in some conspicuous and lasting form. A public statue was determined on, and the work was intrusted to Mr. Macdowall, than whom, as well from his distinguished position as an artist, as from his connexion with Belfast, no more appropriate selection could have been made. The statue, which fully sustained Mr. Macdowall's high reputation, was publicly inaugurated at Belfast on November 1, 1855, by His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Earl of Carlisle. Some weeks previous to this ceremony, the Author had the honour of receiving from the Marchioness of Donegal a request that he (as an Irish writer for whose poetical efforts her Ladyship was kind enough to say her dear son had an especial liking) would write some lines appropriate to the

occasion. The Author, who had long wished for some opportunity of paying *his* tribute of regret and gratitude to the memory of one whose premature death he had reason to consider not only a public loss, but (to him) a private calamity, at once acquiesced, and these lines were written with a rapidity which at least proved the genuine nature of the feelings which originated them. The Author having resided at Naples a short time previous to the Earl of Belfast's arrival and death there, will account for the Italian colouring which pervades the earlier portion of the Poem.

The Sonnets printed at the commencement of the Ode were written subsequent to the public delivery of the Ode itself in Belfast.

A few months before the lamented death of the Earl of Belfast, the author had the gratification of receiving from him the following letter, which is now published for the first time. Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the literary judgment evinced by his Lordship in this particular instance, there can be none of the generosity and good-heartedness which dictated so kind and encouraging a communication:—

"29, St. James's-street, London,
"*September* 17, 1852.

"Sir,—In order to obtain permission to publish some words of yours in connexion with some music which I have adapted to them, I believe it were sufficient to apply to the publisher of your volume of Poems; but I *cannot* let pass an opportunity so apt of expressing to you the deep sense of admiration with which it has inspired me. It is not only yourself that I would congratulate upon the possession of so *truly* poetical a genius—it is rather *our* country that deserves gratulations upon her good fortune, in having given birth to one who seems likely and able to reawaken that strain of poesy (so purely her own) which has slept since the silence of *Moore*.

"One who can combine, as you have done, the stirring energy which characterizes your Ballads with that sweet plaintiveness that lends such a charm to such poems as 'Summer Longings,' 'A Lament,' 'Devotion,' &c., &c., cannot but play a part, if he will, in his country's destiny.

"The *first* of these is the one which has inspired me with a few bars of simple music. I am well aware that it possesses 'a music of its own—a music far beyond all minstrels' playing.' Yet should I feel gratified at seeing my name coupled, in however humble a capacity, on the title with that of one of my most gifted countrymen.

"I am, Sir, yours
"Obediently and admiringly,
"BELFAST.

"*D. F. Mac Carthy, Esq.*"

(13) PAGE 188.

He lit on the high-soaring bird in the dark.

"Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings," &c.
CYMBELINE.

["The Bridal of the Year," in the first part of this Volume, has already appeared in a Collection of the Author's Poems. It has been several times reprinted elsewhere; and is now united with those other and later Poems of the Fancy, which have had in view the same delicate and subjective delineation of Nature.]

Dublin: Printed at the University Press, by M. H. Gill.

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